THE CHRISTIAN EAST

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

UNDOUBTEDLY the First International Patristic Conference held at Christ Church, Oxford, September 24th–28th, 1951, is the inception of one of the most important activities in the theological world of to-day. We understand that the meetings are to be held every four years in the future. The acceptance of invitations to the Conference surpassed all expectation and amounted to 277. The number of reports, speeches and communications made was 193. The speeches and communications were delivered in each case in the speaker's own language, as was fitting in a learned gathering. The general programme was divided roughly into a preliminary section in which recent trends in patristic studies and the Instrumenta Studiorum were dealt with by representative scholars from most of the countries of Europe. On Wednesday morning and afternoon the Communications began, delivered concurrently in five halls of the Examination Schools, and continued until Friday evening. Between tea and dinner special lectures were largely attended, the first by Professor P. Nautin of the Grand Séminaire, Issy-les-Monlinaux, France, on the *Elenchos* attributed to St. Hippolytus, the second by Professor Sagnard of Le Saulchoir on Gnosticism and Mysticism, and the third by the Lord Abbot of Mont-César of Louvain on the influence and authority of the Liturgy with the Fathers, while Professor Klauser, sometime Rector of the University of Bonn, treated of Insignia Episcopalia. On Wednesday night after dinner, Dr. Alois Grillmeir, Professor of Dogmatic Theology at Frankfurt, delivered in English an eloquent, spiritual and monumental commemorative address on "Chalcedon (451–1951) Our Heritage and Responsibility." English scholarship was represented by such prominent names as Dr. R. P. Casey of Sidney Sussex, Cambridge, Professor Sparks of Birmingham, Dr. G. L. Prestige, Canon of St. Paul's, Professor Ratcliff of Cambridge, and Professor Kilpatrick of Queen's, Oxford. The evenings were employed for lectures on recent discoveries in Byzantine archæology by Fr. Gervase Matthew, O.P., and on musical renderings of Byzantine hymns by a choir from Blackfriars, Oxford. As is so often the case, in these troubled times for Orthodoxy, the invitations to the scholars of Greece and other Orthodox countries could not be taken up to the extent that would have given this brilliant conference the deeper balance that Eastern Christendom is still able to afford. Dr. Florovsky of the Orthodox Academy of St. Vladimir, New York, was not able to be present to take

the chair on Wednesday at St. Sagnard's and Fr. Bouyer's lectures, the Universities of Athens and Saloniki did not accept the invitations sent them. On the other hand, Professor Vladimir Lossky of Paris, Father Basil Krivoschen of Oxford and Dr. Bolshakoff contributed valuable Orthodox papers. As the Conference integrates itself, these lacunæ will no doubt be filled, since it is impossible to think of Patristics without those who still live in its ambience and spirit.

It is greatly to be hoped that the projected plan of the proceedings of the Conference being published in extenso by S.P.C.K. will triumph over the difficulties of publishing to-day. Only then, when the body of scholarship produced during the Conference can be studied with the leisure and care it deserves, will its scope be appreciated by a far-wider public in many countries.

A series of three articles by Sir David Kelly, our Ambassador until lately in Moscow, on " the Soviet System and the Russian People " appeared in the *Sunday Times* early in November. These contributions together with a fourth, which comments on questions arising from the original articles, are published separately by the *Sunday Times*.

In their sobriety and perspicacity they are important in helping us to understand the enigma of Russia and her religious problems, the outcome of which is bound to influence Orthodoxy even more deeply in the future, and our own relations with her. Once again, the author makes it clear that the history of Russia exhibits a remarkable unity, both in its recurring periods of revolution and in the persistence of its characteristic ways of confronting both politics and religion under widely differing external conditions. That her revolution is still active and rapidly evolving into a particular brand of totalitarianism, with decreasing vestiges of what is known as Communism, is made very clear. The articles are worthy of the closest study.

For the first time in the new issue this number of *The Christian East* has had to go out as a double number, enabling us to begin the new year without the time-lag that has crept in. In future we hope to publish a Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter number which will not tie us down so straightly to a set month for publication.

We are glad to say that Professor Ioannides of the University of Thessalonika, who contributed an article on St. Gregory Palamas to our last number, intended it to be a first contribution on this important subject. Unhappily his second article has not arrived in time for inclusion in this number. It is hoped in the Spring number to give a conspectus of a number of books that have appeared recently on Orthodox spirituality, foremost among them the long-awaited translation of the Philokalia from the Russian by Kadlouborsky and Palmer, published by Faber and Faber.

Deeper mutual understanding between Anglicans and Orthodox is undoubtedly encouraged most by personal contacts which enrich our worshipping together in the spirit of charity and desire for deeper sharing in a common salvation; but second in importance to this is that slow permeation and infiltration that comes through study and the modifications of thought through better insight into the theological and spiritual riches of

both Communions. Just as in our own problems of unity here in England it may be exceedingly harmful to this drawing together of Christians that is undoubtedly showing itself, if sudden and ill-advised schemes for reunion interrupt a powerful if intangible unifying force.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE HOLY LAND

THE Holy Land used to be called Palestine. It is now the state of Israel, the western part of the Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan, and a strip of land attached to Egypt. Palestine is now a historical and geographical expression and nothing more. The two states are parted by a frontier which is officially an Armistice Line. While it is not difficult for foreign residents to cross the frontier on business, through the good offices of their Consulates, and foreign tourists can cross, with little difficulty, once in each visit in one direction, passing into one state after seeing all that they want to see in the other, the ordinary resident citizens of Jordan find that it is easier to go to America than to go to Israel and the ordinary resident citizens of Israel find it even more difficult to go to Jordan than it is to leave Israel in other directions at present. Occasionally, at some festal season, the two governments may allow a very small number of Arab Christians living in Israel to cross to Jordan and to return to their homes in Israel after 48 hours. A very small number of Arab clergy are allowed to cross the frontier as foreign clergy do, owing to the exceptional needs of particular communities; but this is a very difficult privilege to obtain. It may safely be said, without fear of contradiction, that Jews and Moslem Arabs never cross the Armistice Line legally. There is no postal service from one side of the line to the other. Letters addressed, "Jerusalem, Palestine," are generally received first in Israel; if the people for whom they are intended are in Jordan, they are returned to their countries of origin, marked, "pas de service par Israel," and sent out again to Jordan. There are no people of the Jewish faith in Jordan, although there are a few Samaritans on Mount Gerizim. There are considerable numbers of Moslem Arabs and Christians resident in Israel. In the war between the Jews and the Arabs, which preceded and followed the end of the British Mandate in 1948, the Jewish population was displaced from the Jewish Quarter of the Old City of Jerusalem, a Jewish industrial concern by the Dead Sea, and three small Jewish settlements; the Arab population was entirely displaced from more than two hundred villages and displaced to a very great extent from several large towns, including the newer part of the city of Jerusalem, where several well-built modern suburbs were almost entirely owned and inhabited by Arab families of the middle classes. While the Jews displaced in the area of the Jordanian Kingdom (as distinct from the other Arab states) amounted to a few hundreds, the Arab population displaced from Israel amounts to 850,000 people, of whom about half are now living in the Jordan, the remainder being in Syria and the Lebanon or in the strip of the south-west of the Holy Land, surrounding Gaza, occupied by Egypt. Of these refugees about one tenth are Christians.

The greater part of the Christians of the Holy Land are of local origin;

that is to say, they are descended from families which were living in Palestine when the Christian era began and for centuries before that time. In the days of the Kings of Israel and Judah, and probably again in the days of the Maccabees and in the period after the Maccabees, these families were Jewish in faith. Subsequently to the Roman conquest they became Samaritan, or Pagan, or Christian. In the fourth century A.D., when most of the population of Palestine was becoming Christian, the people of the country villages and one part of the people of Jerusalem spoke Aramaic; Greek was spoken, to a great extent, in the towns. To this day, Aramaic is spoken in some Christian villages in the north of Syria; there is evidence that it was still, during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, a spoken language among the ancestors of the Arabic-speaking Christians of Palestine. To a very great extent the Moslems, as well as the Christians, are descended from those who were in Palestine before the introduction of Islam. It is necessary to emphasize this because so much recent writing on the problem of the Holy Land has suggested that the Arabs of Palestine really belong to the "under-populated open spaces" of Arabia, in the sense of the Arab countries as a whole. The Arab countries are not so under-populated as many people suppose, as far as their fertile area is concerned, and they are not a 'whole.' But in any case the indigenous people of the Holy Land, and particularly the Christians who do not share the religion and culture common to the Arab world, are not simply members of the Arab people.

The monasteries and churches of the Holy Land, and most of all the holy places, have been visited by pilgrims from all over the Christian world since the fourth century; the Holy Land was visited even earlier by Christians who sought to see the sights which the Incarnate Son and His Apostles had seen. Some of the visitors and pilgrims remained in the country, and the monastic communities in it have generally tended to include large foreign elements. In the time of the British Mandate a considerable number of Christians, particularly Armenians and 'Syrian-Orthodox,' came into the country from Turkey and settled in Jerusalem and Bethlehem, Jaffa and Haifa. The resident community of Coptic Christians from Egypt and the Abyssinian lay residents also increased in numbers between the two great world wars. But these are resident mainly in the cities where there are holy places and in the ports. Those who inhabit the villages, both in what was formerly Palestine and in the former Transjordan (the country east of the river Jordan), when they are Christians, are for the most part members of the Eastern Orthodox Church. There is a native Latin community, which includes a few descendants of the Crusaders and of western settlers but is made up, for the most part, of the descendants of Orthodox Eastern Christians who submitted to Rome where Rome was represented by Latin clergy. The 'Greek-Catholics' or Melkites form a smaller community of recent growth. The few Arabic-speaking members of the Anglican and Lutheran communions and the people belonging to smaller Protestant bodies are, in all but a very few cases, members of families which belonged to the Latin Church or the Orthodox Eastern Church a generation or two ago. The converts to Christianity from Islam under the Turkish regime generally left the

country; under the British Mandate they could remain, but they continued to be very few indeed. The tragic fact about all Western Christian missionary work in the Holy Land is that, even although it has aimed at the conversion of the non-Christian population, in fact it has tended to result in the separation of individuals from the existing Christian communities more than in the addition of new members to the Christian element in the country. Thus the Christians in the Holy Land are almost all descended from families who have professed Christianity for many centuries. They are Arabic-speaking, but it is only in recent years, under the influence of Arab nationalism and of the general feeling of solidarity of the local non-Jewish population under the Mandate, that they have come to think of themselves as being Arabs by nationality. Formerly their religious communities took the place of nationality in their thinking; to a considerable extent they still do so. Arabic literature, as taught in Arabic schools, is almost entirely a Moslem literature, based on the Arabic of the Koran. Christian education, although it has been in Arabic in the village schools of the Christian Churches, has tended to develop into education in languages other than Arabic in the more advanced classes. Thus the better educated Orthodox, unless they had their education in Western Christian schools, tended before 1917 to know either Greek or Russian. All educated Latins know French or Italian and the Protestants know English or German. The effect of the Russian revolution was to weaken the Orthodox Church in Palestine economically to such an extent that most of its better schools were closed or so reduced in size that they appealed only to the small Greek-speaking community, although in the later part of the period of the British Mandate Arabic Orthodox secondary schools were organized by the local Orthodox communities in Jerusalem and Jaffa. These gave an education in Arabic and English, while a number of village schools continued to function under difficulties, which have been multiplied by the effects of the partition of the country. Many of the children of Orthodox families are educated in Anglican schools, and perhaps more go to Roman Catholic schools. One result of this is that the Christians in the Holy Land, whatever their confession, are felt by the Arab population to have strong cultural and political links with the West.

There is a very strong feeling among the Moslems and among Arab Christians that the West has betrayed the Arabs of the Holy Land under the influence of Zionist economic and political pressure. It is felt, in Moslem circles particularly, that the Christian Scriptures, as interpreted by Anglo-American Christian opinion at least, favour the Jewish claim to the country. Much publicity has been given to the statements of pro-Zionist Christians, in Britain and America, which say that the state of Israel has been founded in accordance with the revealed will of God. While the Roman Catholic Church has consistently opposed political Zionism and asserted that the non-Christian Hebrews, by their rejection of the Messiah, lost all claim to the Holy Land, Roman Catholicism suffers to some extent from an association with the French Mandate in Syria and the Lebanon and with a "Levantine" mentality among local Roman Catholics. The Arabic-speaking members of the Anglican and Lutheran communities,

being educated in the past in a strong adherence to the Bible as the distinctive mark of their religion, are troubled about the reading of the Old Testament lessons and Psalms, in Arabic, to Arabic congregations which feel that the Jew seems to have received in the recent war, " vineyards and olive-groves which he did not plant " and that he claims to have received them because the great Christian nations believed that God had promised them to him. The effect of the partition of the country is widespread unemployment and furious competition for work, in which the Moslems, whose educational standards were greatly raised under the British Mandate, are naturally inclined to prevail. Transjordan, when it existed as a separate country, was more completely a Moslem country than Palestine and it is the government of Transjordan which annexed the Arab zone of Palestine to form the " Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan." Although the Cabinet contains one Christian minister, who is now at the foreign office, and although there are still many Christians in very important positions in the service of the state, there is undoubtedly a general feeling among Christians that the future of their community is dark and obscure and that the West is responsible for this situation.

The Assembly of the United Nations has repeatedly passed votes in favour of the internationalization of the city of Jerusalem. It is most unfortunate that an impression should have been created that the purpose of these votes was to save a certain number of ancient church buildings from sacrilege and nothing more. For the Protestant Christians, particularly in America, are very easily persuaded that ancient church buildings are of no great importance. It is also quite easy for both Israel and Jordan to give guarantees of the safety of buildings. Apart from the possibility of damage if the actual fighting recommences (and internationalization would not be a guarantee against that) the holy places are safe. They are, in fact, economic assets to any country which may hold the cities in which they are, for pilgrims bring foreign currency. The Jews may possibly have divided opinions as to whether the Moslems should keep the Temple Area, if the state of Israel is ever able to take over the whole of Jerusalem; but they are not likely to disturb the Christian Churches as far as buildings are concerned. It is in the Moslem tradition that the Christian holy places now in Christian hands should remain Christian buildings; none of them has any accepted traditional association with Judaism or Islam. But the danger is that the holy places and their guardians will remain, in the position of a kind of museum, to be visited by tourists, with the smallest possible number of local resident Christians. The Christian refugees, except for those who settle in Lebanon, which has a considerable Christian element in its population, may find themselves pressed into leaving the Middle East altogether and finding refuge in Christian countries, especially if they have any educational advantages. In the present state of affairs, very few visitors come to Jerusalem, as the expense of the 'round trip,' from Beirut to Haifa or from Haifa to Beirut, by way of Damascus, Amman, and Jerusalem, crossing the Armistice Line only once, is very great, and many people are put off by the number of formalities involved and the fear of getting into trouble. The people who made a good living as sellers of souvenirs or as

guides are in a very bad state. European business firms, which employed Christians, have withdrawn or are represented by Jews in Israel. Christian business men have in most cases lost great quantities of property in the war through leaving their homes in Jaffa or Haifa or in the part of Jerusalem now in Jewish hands with the idea that their departure was merely a temporary withdrawal during the battle. Internationalization is regarded as meaning that the residents of Jerusalem will recover, as far as possible, the houses and premises that they had in May 1948 and that Jerusalem will have its own municipal government or governments under a High Commissioner representing the Western world to ensure fair play. It will be possible for visitors to come from either side and to return by any route; Jews will be able to visit the Old City and people from the Arab countries will be able to visit the modern city now in Jewish hands. The commercial and economic life of the city can be renewed and this will benefit the surrounding area. Officially, both Jordan and Israel are equally opposed to any plan of internationalization which includes more than the walled area of the Old City. Jordan will not internationalize the walled area by itself. Israel will not internationalize any part of her own area which is the capital or her state. But many citizens of all three faiths, who have lived long in the city, long for its unification. It seems at present that Jordan and Israel are unlikely to make a peace-treaty with one another; they are still separated by stretches of 'No-man's-land' and have their Armistice Line under observation by trained 'Truce Observers' of UNO, who occupy the former Government House, in the neutral area. Most of the neutral area is uninhabited and in ruins. The Hebrew University buildings, the Hadasseh Hospital, etc. are in an 'enclave' in the Arab zone, guarded by a Jewish military guard which is changed periodically, but not used for any constructive purpose. The Armistice Line outside Jerusalem, even apart from the situation in the city, is most unsatisfactory. Thus Bethlehem has to be approached by a long detour from Arab Jerusalem, to avoid Jewish territory and the short road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is entirely closed. Incidents frequently happen as Bedouin and shepherds cross over into Jewish territory by accident or Jews accidentally cross the line, which in some areas is very far from being clearly marked and known. There is a general fear that Israel, being overpopulated with emigrants, will seek to gain more territory before peace can be concluded and a frontier can be guaranteed. The Arab refugees are increasingly bitter and thinking of war as the only solution. Meanwhile Communist propaganda presents the people with the idea that the U.S.S.R. can reconcile the secularist Jews with the Arabs in a Socialist regime which will take away from all three religions their political power and significance and open a career to the talents of young men independently of whether they are by family tradition Moslems, Christians, or Jews. This has a special appeal to Christians influenced by Western liberal ideas but disappointed by the actual policies of the Western powers. No one can believe that Russia, or any other power, can abolish religion in Palestine. But there is a widespread desire in the minorities for a regime that will not advance people in its service merely because their families belong to a particular religious community. Among the less-well-

informed Orthodox Christians this is associated with the long standing idea that Russia is their natural protector. If the West will not internationalize Jerusalem, there is a danger that the East may be in a position to internationalize Palestine in another sense, or at least to win the active sympathy of those whose interests are most damaged by the present situation, although their natural sympathies lie with Western democracy.

Having explained clearly that internationalization is not simply a matter of the holy places, I may be permitted to conclude by saying something about them. They are undoubtedly the outward sign of international Christian interest in the Holy Land. Galilee and Nazareth lie in Israel; so do the Church of the Falling Asleep of the Theotokos and the Cenaculum (which is in Moslem hands still) in Jerusalem. In the room next to the Cenaculum, the so-called Tomb of David, the Jewish government has instituted a Jewish holy place; but the actual Cenaculum, with its Christian associations, is still considered the property of an Arab Moslem family, of which members remain on the premises. (It became a mosque in the sixteenth century, after being a Franciscan church since the fourteenth century, when the present building was erected, on a site which has certainly been that of a Christian Church since the second and third centuries, if not from the days of the Apostles.) The rest of the holy places in Jerusalem are in the Arab zone and are regulated very much as they were under the British Mandate. There is a minister in the Jordan government responsible for them. His technical adviser in Jerusalem is an Arab member of the Anglican Communion. When we read about the disputes between the Christian Churches over the holy places, which have certainly been tragic and disgraceful, we are apt to turn our backs upon the whole matter. But we often fail to realize that the greatest number of the holy places are not involved in these disputes at all. Many of them are Roman Catholic churches in which Christians not of the Roman Obedience do not hold any service. Others are churches belonging to the Eastern Communions, in which one Communion holds regular services and one other Communion has the right to use an altar on some particular day of the liturgical year. There are only two buildings in Jerusalem and one in Bethlehem in which the Latins and the Eastern Christians officiate regularly as a matter of right. One of these buildings is a mosque in Moslem ownership, the Cupola of the Ascension. The other two are the Church of the Nativity and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Most of the disputes, although not all the disputes, between Christian communities in Jerusalem in recent years have concerned these two last-mentioned buildings, in so far as they have been disputes about the holy places. It would not be possible or, from the practical standpoint, just to give to any one Communion the entire control of either building. Compromise is, in circumstances, essential. The so-called 'Status Quo' means that, in any dispute as to what services are to be held or as to what is to be done in the buildings concerned, the government must be guided by the information it has as to what was done in the same circumstances in the last few years, and the government must see that what has recently been done is done again. If there is no dispute and all concerned agree to some slight change of custom (and this often happens) there is no

reason why the change should not take place. But, to take an example, a service may not be prolonged for half an hour at the altar A, so that it interrupts the service at a neighbouring altar B, as it did not do so in recent years, if the community using the altar B makes a formal protest. In this there is nothing really unreasonable. The difficulties are greater when the fixed programme of times for the beginnings and ends of services and the fixed areas to be occupied by processions at definite times suffer an extension to cover a fixed programme of the cleaning and repairing of windows and doors and ornaments. The 'Status Quo,' even in these things, however, was a device by which the richer community was to be prevented from acquiring the rights of the poorer communities by bribery or by forms of forced purchase under diplomatic pressure. Before the 'Status Quo' was well established, rights changed hands every few years, as Turkey altered her relations with France and Russia or as local governors changed in Jerusalem. After the Crimean War, however, the protecting power of the Orthodox, Russia, and the protecting power of the Latins, France, agreed to keep things as they were and to avoid disputes as much as possible. No formal definition of the rights of the communities was ever drawn up. The outlines of the programme of services are well-known locally; but many details as to what happens, for example, if the two Easters coincide or if some Latin fixed feast comes in the Orthodox Holy Week, are very hard to ascertain accurately. Two communities at neighbouring altars have services simultaneously and have more singing than usual or more people than is usual in the congregation; the natural result is that they interrupt one another and have insufficient space for both services and that one of them charges the other with innovating. A new government is always at a certain disadvantage. The British Mandate entrusted the keeping of order at Christian ceremonies and the work of liaison with Christian communities almost entirely to British people at least to British officers in command. Many papers and records dealing with the 'Status Quo' were lost in the confusion of the days following the end of the Mandate. Communities desiring innovations unwelcome to other Communities are tempted to try to pass them off as established practices. But it must be admitted that the Jordanian police are as good humoured as the British police and are always reverent and courteous, whether their officers are Christians or Moslems. The absence of very large crowds of pilgrims has made their task lighter and the larger communities have shown good will to them in their difficult situation.

Much has been heard in the international press of a plan sponsored by Mgr. Testa, the Apostolic Delegate representing the Vatican in Jerusalem, for the rebuilding of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. A book, with many illustrations, has been published showing the proposal in considerable detail. In the proposed new Basilica there would be large church buildings for the Roman Catholics, the Greek Orthodox and the Armenians, and small chapels for the Copts, the Anglicans, the Syrian-Orthodox, and the Ethiopians. The various communities would have new houses for their clergy on the edges of a wide compound surrounding the new Basilica; among these houses the present German Lutheran Church of the Redeemer

in the Muristan would still stand, so that non-Episcopal Christendom would be represented in the group of buildings. The new Basilica would have a single architectural design as far as its exterior is concerned, although the churches of the various communities would be, in some respects at least, self-contained buildings. The central shrines, that is to say, the Sacred Edicule of the Tomb of Christ, the Rock of Golgotha, and the Cave of the Cross, would remain where they are now and would apparently continue to be used by the communities now using them liturgically. But each church would have the free use of its own part of the new structure with its own external door. One major objection to the scheme, as it stands, is that it must involve the purchase, for the clearing of the proposed site, of a great deal of Moslem property, some of which belongs to the Moslem community, and of at least one mosque. That might be very difficult even if Jerusalem was internationalized. A second objection is that it is proposed to give the new Basilica a flat open space on every side and therefore to isolate it completely from the hill-side on the west of it. The tombs in that hill-side will be preserved under the new building; but they will be isolated from the hill-side as a whole. A third objection is to the proposed design for the Basilica, which is in no known Christian style, and looks a little like a compound of an Italian baroque church and a Hindu temple, when it is presented to us in the form of photographs of a model drawn to scale. But many will welcome the clear recognition of the place of the non-Roman Christian communities in the Basilica, which the plan embodies from a Roman Catholic standpoint. Few, I think, would wish the present building to be simply taken down where the foundations have been weakened, strengthened in its foundations, and re-erected exactly as it is apart from the boards and scaffolds by which it is now supported. The building took its present form in 1808 through a hasty rebuilding after a fire; it has many architectural faults. But the plan proposed by Mgr. Testa is too radical in proposing to remove a large part of the present Christian quarter of the Old City to make room for modern buildings. It is unlikely for various reasons to be accepted by the communities involved.

E. Every.

Jerusalem (Old City),
May 1951

HELLAS; SHACKLED AND FREE

Among varied experiences in Greece and Crete, I recall with pleasure a visit (January, 1941) to Knossos, overlooking the Palace of Minos—at what was then a British Officers' Mess. The house had been built by Sir Arthur Evans, and was previously the 'H.Q.' of the British School of Archaeology. In 1940–1941 it was the residence of Mr. John Pendlebury—then campaigning somewhere in the Middle East—a fine personality with whom I was destined, later, to make acquaintance before his tragic death.

Thence I proceeded west to Suda Bay and beyond, the Maleme, where the R.A.F. were then sketching out a small 'drome, three months later to become tragically notorious.

Returning to Heracleion, a distinct surprise awaited me. It had been disclosed by John Pendlebury that I owned cousinship with Admiral Noel, who commanded our Mediterranean cruiser squadron, in 1897, and who helped to speed the departing Turks[1] and liberate the island from Ottoman misrule. He became a hero in Crete. It seemed that as a cousin of one who held a distinguished place in Cretan history, I must be accorded the 'Freedom' of the City of Hercules. Here, indeed, was honour thrust upon me!

So it happened that on February 22 I was garlanded and driven in a horse carriage with the British Vice-Consul to the Town Hall (the Nomarch's H.Q.), crowds thronging the streets for this—to me—undeserved honour.

Greece was no place for the hotel-pampered traveller. But to those prepared to rough it the rewards transcended the discomfort. One found a shakedown in the village shop or at an inn (when one was available). I knew sufficient Greek to travel alone, and found myself an honoured guest at many a Greek monastery, where one was expected to partake of hospitality however lavish, and however allergic one may be to the embarrassing partiality of one's kindly hosts for oily dishes.

Greece is freedom in epitome, a freedom that has endured for twenty-five centuries. Athens, her capital, city of Socrates and Plato, imperishable link with man's eternal quest for truth, is faithful still to its traditions. One approaches Hellas with reverence, conscious of a greatness undimmed by the passage of the centuries. Athens was also the rostrum from which Paul the apostle proclaimed the Gospel of the Resurrection.

It was sad to arrive in the city in February of 1941 and to find Athens nursing the wounds of war—troop trains crowded with wounded and injured, half of these warriors suffering from frostbite and many, alas! doomed to lose both feet by amputation.

It was made clearly evident that pro-Hitlerism had taken considerable hold among the politicians of the day and of so-called 'leaders' many of whom had received their education in Germany and had drunk deeply at the fountain of German *kultur*. Nor was it possible to commend the French system of education, then dominant throughout the schools of the country, a system which was seen to have failed in the inculcation of the principles of conduct or in the training of character. German propaganda had, on the other hand, been particularly active in the preceding 20 years; since the days of King George I, and during the reign of Constantine, German influences were paramount. "Meanwhile" (I noted at the time) "the British have done little to help the Greeks to appreciate our own traditions. There was *one* English school, under Messrs. Sloman and Paton: and *one* 'British Council' Institute in Greece. Moreover, we have taken no strong action to help direct the course of events—or even to in-

[1] The Turks had murdered a number of Greeks and one Englishman. Admiral Noel landed marines and publicly hanged a similar number of Turks from the local prison. As a result, Ottoman rule in Crete was brought to an abrupt conclusion!

duce King George (since deceased) to implement the promise made on his return to the throne: to be a real king of the entire people. . . . As a consequence, he has allowed himself to be guided by those whose declared policy it has been to keep the Liberal-Venizelist groups *outside* of Government and, even in this hour of national peril, to exclude Venizelist officers from the Army, although some—unquestionably the most competent military men in Greece—had volunteered to serve in the ranks as privates."

Although fully aware of the position and its grave implications, neither the British Legation nor our military representatives in Greece felt themselves impelled to adopt a resolute attitude, apparently hamstrung by the policy of non-interference in the internal affairs of another country. But in light of the fact that we were supplying Greece with men, munitions and money, "might we not claim," I commented at the time, "at least some voice in the direction of affairs?"

During March (1941) the B.E.F. dispatched a token force to Greece, General Wilson commanding the British troops and General Blamey the Anzacs. Both were under Papagos, the Greek Commander-in-Chief. My arrival at Lamia synchronized with the arrival there of our forces. Throughout the day British lorries, troops and equipment were passing through the town in a continuous stream, destined for the north.

> "Visited the local Greek Military Hospital to see wounded Australians. After an elaborate Liturgy in the Cathedral the bishop accompanied me and Dr. Hamilcar on a walk above the town. We sat on the ridge looking south across the flat valley, watching scores of British lorries coming down the white road near Thermopylae and approaching across the plain.
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> "Our troops, like the Greek, were in high spirits, singing choruses and throwing chocolate to the children as they rumbled past. Lamia had never seen an English bishop before, and the Metropolitan kept me 'on show' all day, and again in the Cathedral for a crowded 2½ hour service in the evening."

Back again to Athens; at 2 o'clock in the morning a terrific explosion at Piraeus roused us all. A large munition ship had been hit by a German incendiary bomb during a raid on the port.

Three days later the German attack on the Greek frontier began, and news of their thrust to Salonica filtered through. With each passing day, news from the north became more ominous.

Came Easter Day. "Preached at 10.30. Church full. Also assisted at Holy Communion, 6 a.m., 7 a.m., 8 and 10. Crowds of Aussies and New Zealand troops. The Bishop of Waiapu arrived, begging for a bath. But, alas, a bath *non est!*" Magnus Irvine and N. Paton spent the evening with me.

Diary entries for mid-April 1941 assume an ominous trend: Greece was faring badly at the front, probably for two reasons: treachery—the traitors, *few* but influential, included a brace of professors and a similar number of generals—and inadequate forces, although Greek troops acquitted themselves magnificently. "They are now showing the same

heroism in facing the Germans as when they tackled the Italians. In these last days the Greeks have revealed unexpected sang-froid, and in spite of defeatist and alarmist rumours have not given way to panic." Sensation followed sensation in those fateful April days. A minor revolution, the suicide of the new Prime Minister Koritzis, who found himself enmeshed in a network of intrigue, a new Government in formation and, to cap it all, rumours of German advances to Thermopylae, south of Olympus.

The question in our minds was whether it might be advisable to leave the country or not. We sought the advice of Bishop Panteleimon. "You will help us best by going," he counselled. Were we to stay, we should most likely be 'compromising' those who aided or befriended us.

Whatever doubts we may have entertained as to the wisdom of leaving were resolved by the decision to evacuate the B.E.F. "God help Greece!" I wrote in agony of spirit. A call at the Athens Club did little more than intensify the gloom, and returning to the hotel I found an urgent note from Padre Raymer urging me to proceed to the Piraeus by 4 p.m. with the Sitters. Padre and Mrs. Sitters, Miss R. Mundahl (English governess with Sitters from Belgrade) and myself brought our own emergency rations: bread, bully beef, a bag of oranges, and drinking water in an earthenware jar. I packed two knapsacks with bare essentials—the rest of my kit was abandoned.

Three hundred of us assembled at the quayside that evening. First we were put on board a yacht which, later that night, we were requested to leave, the boat having been commandeered for Mr. Caccia and the Legation staff. The vessel was bombed and sunk two days later! Then, bewildered, we were shepherded round the docks to the coal wharf, where we embarked on the Greek coal steamer *Else*. Our 'passenger list' comprised 320 civilians, 150 German prisoners of war and 100 British troops—half a dozen tiny cabins for 500 persons! The cabins were placed at the disposal of the elderly and infirm, the rest of us pegging spaces on which to lie down on the open decks. "No food or water will be provided on board," ran the official intimation. Fortunately the weather remained perfect.

I shared a circular space on the coal deck, some 12 feet in diameter, with the two Sitters and Miss Mundahl, bounded on one side by heaps of coal, and on the other by our troops standing guard. The prisoners were confined in an open 'well' some 10 feet lower, and were continually stepping over us—under escort—when engaged in menial duties.

Conditions on the *Else* became progressively unpleasant and irksome—dirt, overcrowding, disputes as to 'living space' (one thought with a grim smile of Hitler's demand for *Lebensraum!*) and unspeakable sanitation, men and women and children sharing a single latrine on deck. Yet, these depressing conditions notwithstanding, the two Sitters were cool, as near to cheerful as it was possible to be. We read the P.B. Offices and "Daily Light."

To cap it all, on the third day out, the Greek seamen declared a strike. This was followed by a revolt among our German prisoners of war, aided and abetted by the fifth column element among the seamen, demanding

that the *Else* turn back to Athens! What with the strike and this revolution-in-little, we realized that all hopes of reaching Alexandria must be abandoned. So the boat headed for Suda Bay, Crete.

In Suda Bay the *Else* attracted the attention of enemy airmen, bombs and landmines being aimed at the little collier. Lovely columns of blue water rose above us, like pillars in a cathedral. For two hours the raid proceeded, our sole protection being the parachutes, with wires suspended, fired from our patent gun on the north shore of the bay, and the rifles of the troops on board.

With distinct relief the party disembarked after dark—although faced with a two-mile walk with baggage and children. Our temporary camp was some 1½ miles from the bay on the road to Canea, and was formerly a School of Agriculture.

Walking and hitch-hiking into British Headquarters at Canea next day I had the good fortune to meet Padre Savage, C.F., whose presentation of a stick of soap was as welcome as it was timely. Camp life proved to be anything but a picnic! Our 'leaders,' Young and Crisford, had disappeared; chaos ruled, the laws of *meum* and *teum* were flagrantly disregarded. To add to the general unrest serious raids were renewed after the German pilots had spotted our camp. Eventually, with the assistance of armed guards, Colonel Cripps assumed charge of us. Every one was assigned some communally-useful duty, the sight of the fixed bayonets exercising a salutary effect.

I celebrated Holy Communion in the Camp Commandant's office on the Sunday at 7.30 and had planned a later service. But at 9 a.m. the Commandant ordered "general dispersal to the hills," the air raids having become more persistent. An opportunity of leaving the camp-party presented itself after a call on the Greek Bishop of Canea, who promptly invited me to stay with him. But I preferred to remain with the 'camp' and see things through.

Eventually, on the Tuesday at two o'clock in the morning, we were roused from our various retreats by a messenger from Col. Cripps ordering us to pack at once; a lorry would call for us and take us to Suda Bay. We collected our belongings with some difficulty in the dark. The lorry appeared at 6.30, our party later being deposited on the quay among four to five thousand troops for company! Finally, having waited expectantly for several hours, becoming hungrier and hungrier in the process, we were embarked with the troops on the transport s.s. *Corinthia*. Later, we pushed out of the bay, one of a convoy of eight vessels with seven escorting ships, among them the *Warspite* and *Queen Elizabeth*. Naval engagements formed part of our unrehearsed programme on the following day, the guns of the *Warspite* spitting hard. My notes record "Exciting. How do they manage to spot the enemy in the dim, uncertain light, or get the range? After the attacks, we made full speed to avoid submarines. A fine sight of tracer bullets, flares and other lethal fireworks during a far from uneventful night."

Eventually Alexandria was reached three days later. All of us were hungry, penniless and sadly in need of a change of clothing. We had not

undressed for a fortnight. "To sheds, where we were fortunate to be served with Army rations. Next day, while our clothing was being washed and deloused we men sat in nature's clothing and the women in blankets loaned by the ever-resourceful Army!"

Our experience of aerial bombardment, however, was by no means at an end, Alexandria being much bombed and battered during this ensuing fortnight. Day after day troopships were arriving from Crete, their decks grim with dead and dying men. It had been estimated that lack of adequate air support cost us some 20,000 precious lives.

Later, it was claimed that the "Battle of Crete" had saved Cyprus, Egypt and the Suez Canal and that the situation in Syria had been cleared up satisfactorily.

(A diary entry: "We are proud of the attempt, although it was futile, made by British forces to save the Greeks. I repeat, we were all wrong about the Greeks. We imagined them to be fitted for shopkeeping and little else. Their grit, their faith, their spirit of generosity when we were obliged to leave them, are qualities we shall long remember. . . . Bishop Gwynne and Bishop Gelsthorpe gave me lodging and extended much kindness to me at Bishop's House, Cairo.")

As events were destined to prove, right eventually triumphed over might, and our return to Greece in the November of 1944 coincided with the re-establishment there of the British forces and the rapid withdrawal of the Germans. I left Malta in a Wellington for Athens—four hours flying—on a perfect day. Soon after I arrived a pressing invitation came from Bishop Michael Constantinides to visit him at Corinth and celebrate the liberation of his country. I accepted with alacrity, arriving in a jeep late at night, without having previously warned the Metropolitan. It was necessary to hammer on the doors to awaken my host, and after a while the bishop appeared on the window, descended immediately and gave his nocturnal visitor a wonderful welcome. Here, I thought, was tranquillity at last; here the glad finale to a nation's tribulations. Little did I guess the surprises in store!

On Sunday morning I accompanied the bishop to the Liturgy in a suburban church. During the service it became evident that some commotion in the streets was gradually increasing. There were sounds of shots, running feet, the buzz of angry voices. Emerging after the service, messengers awaited the bishop with the urgent request to return home immediately. I suggested to my friend that in view of the disturbances—which might either presage a communist uprising, or dissensions sown by the Germans—I had better get in touch with the British troops and report myself. Bishop Michael, having insisted that he knew their quarters, offered to pilot me himself to the Officer-in-Command.

"As we approached British H.Q. we noticed that a cordon of troops had already been formed to encircle it and prevent any unauthorized approach. When I walked up to a private and sought permission to enter, I anticipated no difficulty, seeing that I was so obviously British. But, as it

happened, my appearance was against me, and I realized, clad as I was in a ragged cassock and accompanied by bearded Bishop Michael, how very Greek I must have seemed to that British soldier. I passed along the line and stopped to speak to a N.C.O. It was a peculiar and nerve-racking situation altogether, with a surging and excited crowd of Greeks at our rear and bullets spurting overhead. "Look here, man," I admonished the corporal, "I'm British—I'm Bishop of Gibraltar—let me pass. I want to see your O.C." "Lor!" came the instant reply, "Bishop of Gibraltar, are you? And who's this here with you, please? Harchbishop of Canterbury—per'aps!" There was much laughter at Michael's expense, but I deemed it wiser to enter into the spirit of the colloquy. "Well now," I replied, "since you have the Archbishop himself here, surely you'd like to do the Lambeth Walk right now, in His Grace's honour, and make him feel at home?" This sally of mine did the trick. The soldier's eyes nearly popped out of his head. "Are you *English*, then? Gosh! Come in, come in, sir, please." So began the ELAS revolt, which once more plunged Greece into bloodshed and misery."

Back to Athens I found the pavements of Constitution Square dotted with pools of blood, and minor battles being waged in various parts of the city. Army H.Q. (under General Scobie) was established at Grande Bretagne Hotel, and there I found shelter and an opportunity of making myself useful in the kitchen during the days of the 'siege.'

Eventually, we civilians were permitted to go into the city, and it was made possible for me to open the English church and to look up old friends for whose safety we had been anxious, friends such as Padre Chitty who, with the naval forces, had been besieged at the Piraeus, the Rev. Francis House and others. The attitude of the English Press (I recorded) towards this later development in Greek affairs was deplorable. Catastrophic ignorance of the real facts might have explained this misinterpretation, but it could not excuse so obvious a betrayal of our friends. How very little we knew of what really went on under the German occupation. Nor did we apprehend the extent of ELAS–EAM influence or the amount of fighting equipment supplied to this movement by the Germans; and ourselves! The much-vaunted ELAS movement engineered little or no 'resistance' at all, simply hoarding their weapons in the hope of accomplishing a *coup d'état*, and establishing a dictatorship of the extreme Left.

TURKISH INTERLUDE

Dictatorship and religious intolerance invariably, as contemporary history clearly illustrates, go hand in hand, in which respect Turkey is seen regrettably to have conformed to the all-too-familiar pattern.

After the first World War, Mustafa Kemal Pasha (Ataturk), dictator of Turkey, having introduced a measure of Westernization into his dominions, synchronized his accession to power with the abolition of fez and yashmak, the transformation of mosques into granaries, the latinization of the national language, and the ejection of all Christian, Jewish and foreign elements, as inimical to the wellbeing of the modern Turkish republic.

Whether his dictatorship will eventually have proved beneficent or otherwise, Ataturk will go down to history not only as modernizer of his country, but as a merciless enemy of the Greeks and, in lesser degree, of the unfortunate Armenian minority, towards whom the present administration has disclosed scant consideration. Against this strange intolerance, must be balanced Ataturk's uncompromising stand with the West against the steady inroads of imperialistic Communism.

How has religion in general, and the Orthodox Church in particular, fared under Ataturk? A wartime visit to Istanbul (Constantinople) in 1943 brought me into touch once more, after a long interval, with the Ecumenical Patriarch, upon whom I called at the Phanar, on the Bosphorus, in the company of the Rev. Fr. Oakley, Chaplain to the British Embassy. Here I was shown the progress of the reconstruction work on the buildings which had been gutted by fire in the previous year.

To the Patriarch's expression of sincere regret at the imminent departure for England of Fr. Oakley, I replied that whilst fully concurring in his estimate of Mr. Oakley's valuable work in Turkey, his special knowledge of Orthodoxy would be of considerable use in advancing the progress of the Reunion movement in the British Isles. I was able to intimate that Mr. Oakley would be succeeded as Embassy Chaplain by Canon Hutchinson.

Monday, June 14th, being the Orthodox Festival of the Holy Trinity and Dedication Festival of the College at Halki Island, Oakley and I took the early boat and arrived in time for the Liturgy, the Celebrant being the Metropolitan of the Islands. The College chapel is enriched by a superb sixteenth-century ikonostasis. A sizeable congregation including the new 'Scholarkis' of the College (Father Chrystomos), four Metropolitan Bishops, forty students and about a hundred of their relatives and friends.

At the College I made contact with two delightful Cretans, the Rev. Demetrios Burlakis of Kandia, Heracleion, a promising young priest and monk, and Capt. Emanuel Sphakianakis, with both of whom we had a long and absorbing talk, followed by a special prayer for the liberation of hard-pressed Crete. Watching the proceedings were the Director of the Turkish College at Halki Island and another Turkish official. Luncheon found me at the head of the table between the 'Scholarkis' and one of our Turkish friends—whom we regaled with a reading from Photios on The Trinity—washed down with wine from Crete!

The same afternoon, accompanied by Fr. Oakley and his deacon friend Gavril, we enjoyed a long walk—ending up at the Greek 'Commercial School.' Recently used as an orphanage, it contains the 'Panagia Kamariotissa' church in the quadrangle, a precious relic of the Emperor John VIII Palæologus 1430. Heartening to recall that the Liturgy has been celebrated here since before the Turkish Conquest (1453) and without interruption until now. Here, a distant link with earlier British diplomacy, lie the remains of a former Ambassador, Barton (1598).

Within the quadrangle, alongside 'Panagia Kamariotissa' church, is an interesting chapel erected by Prince Ypsilanti after the liberation of Greece.

Now comes the distressing aspect of the story. In December, 1942, these historic properties were ruthlessly expropriated by the Turkish Government. The two churches were completely stripped, and we found them locked and abandoned. A sorry tale indeed!

Following a visit to Canon Hutchinson (who succeeded Fr. Oakley in 1944, I moved on to certain camps of the British R.E.M.E. in the interior. They, with the R.E.s did excellent work during the war, at the invitation of the Turkish Government. And then to Smyrna as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hole (Consulate-General).

One day early in January, sitting in the Consulate-General's office in Smyrna reading the war bulletins, a young Englishman in civilian clothes, introducing himself as Lieutenant Hawkins, enquired for me, explaining that he was the bearer of a message from Commando Force 142: "Can the Bishop spare a week in order to visit us? We have no Padre." The young messenger, sensing my interest, thereupon propounded the plot: If I were willing to take the risk of getting back within, say, a month, he had been commissioned to place at my disposal a 'magic carpet' to carry me out of neutral Turkey and to transport me to the Ægean Islands.

I assented willingly, assuming that the Consulate-General would not veto the idea, and gladly cancelled all my engagements in order to accept this unique invitation.

For an entire day we travelled by car to a remote bay on the Turkish coast. We cached the car in a cave and made our way to another hideout where my friend made contact with British H.Q. in the Islands. British naval and military forces were then busily attacking Germans in the Islands, compelling them to evacuate and shift northwards, leaving behind them a substantial haul of prisoners.

Throughout the night we lay uncomfortably on the rocks listening intently for the sound of an engine. Out of the darkness it came at last—a naval launch and a cheery English greeting. "Have you got the Bishop?" came the anxious enquiry. We were soon on board enjoying very strong tea from a thermos and discussing the plans for my mission. The Greek cathedral having been thoughtfully loaned us by the Metropolitan Joachim, I announced Holy Communion each morning and a popular informal service every night. I was the guest of Brigadier Turnbull.

The Commando men were 'in' and 'out' for raids by day and night, so that every morning and evening a fresh batch of men were 'in port.' The church was packed with interested Greeks, plus four to five hundred of our men each night. There was, of course, no organ, so half an hour before service I called for volunteers for a choir, usually a dozen to twenty responding. The hymns having been agreed upon, sheets with the words were distributed. There are no seats in a Greek church, so all remained standing, the men making themselves comfortable on the floor for lessons and the address. Many, unwashed and not waiting for food, came straight from the boats after a raid, following the service reverently and intently.

Standing in front of the Greek parish priests I held service after service as the men trooped in, preached sermon after sermon without a break until

the light failed, when we carried on with the aid of candles held aloft by the helpful Greek clergy.

While here there came into my hands a letter from a simple Turkish sponge fisher who, having rescued an R.A.F. man whose aeroplane had crashed, and who had succoured the hapless airman, acquainted the British Consul at Izmir (Smyrna), with the facts of the case. Here is his quaint missive :

" Dear Gentlemen,

" I am a poor sponge fisher, My small rowing boat had got a hole, It had knocked against a rock. I had drawn it on the shore so as to repair it, It was at a point near the village of Islam Evleri, situated on the northern shores of the Gulf of Cos, or Gokabad as it is now called.

" A British aeroplane fell into the sea about a mile and a half off the coast. A stiff north wind was blowing and there was no other boat but mine on the coast. I stopped the half-repaired hole with my coat, and pushing my boat I saved the officer who had been in charge of the sunken airship (?).

" It seems that the aeroplane has a crew of two, but the other man hadn't been able to disentangle himself and sank with the plane. It must have been about the month of August that this event took place, for I remember well that we ate quite sweet water melons. The officer I saved was naked and wounded. As the place to which I brought him was very desolate, and the village so poor that a wounded man couldn't have his ease, I found a horse and carried him to the bigger village of Gereme, feeding him first at Islam Evleri.

" For this reason I bought hens. We had cheese, milk, etc. To tell the truth I paid for half of these, the others having been wholeheartedly offered by the villagers. As the wounded officer couldn't use his hands I fed him. The villagers' attires were of a rather bizarre cut, therefore I had to have recourse to my restricted wardrobe, which I am wonted to wear totally on my body. I contrived to dress him halfways towards a complete dressing, by half undressing.

" It is in this way, that is to say, I trudging by his side and propping him, and he on the saddle ragged and summarily patched, but in all the glory of our unconquered glee, we presented ourselves in the village of Gereme.

" I took care of him for two days. I kept no bills of expenses nor have I asked the officer to write a paper telling of how I had treated him, because at that time I never dreamt that I would some day disturb you (H.M. Consul) with a request of this sort.

" But when looking around me, I see people who are not poorer than me, but much richer, applying insistingly—demanding, wrangling, and getting—I told myself ' You poor old seaman, why don't you speak about yourself? Perhaps some slight improvement may result in the needy plight of your six children from your applications.' And I decided to have recourse to you.

" And if nothing is the outcome of my present request, at least the

joy we felt, the officer and I to be alive, and the wind was blue and warm—may remain of unfaded memory."

(Sgd) Mazlum Oglu Mustafa Esim Paluko,
at Kum Barce Mahallesi, Bodrum.

One hopes—incidentally I met the writer—the Good Samaritan reaped his well-earned reward, although one confesses to be puzzled by the meteorological oddity of a "wind blue and warm."

✢ H. J. Buxton, *Bishop.*

CHALCEDON AND ITS AFTERMATH

SOME striking historical parallels may be observed between the Councils of Nicæa and Chalcedon. Arianism and Monophysitism were both extravagant reactions against a line of tradition which emphasized the unity of the Godhead at the expense of the distinction of persons, and therefore the human subject of Christ's historical acts and sufferings, since the Divine Word had no sufficiently distinct personality to act and suffer in human flesh. In both cases the great majority of Greek and Eastern bishops sympathized with the reaction, while they repudiated its extravagant expression. But the influence of the West, supported by imperial favour, interpolated into their drafts for a definition, at Nicæa and at Chalcedon, a vital expression derived from the line of tradition that made them feel uncomfortable. Once accepted, the expression became authoritative, but its meaning was qualified by later decisions which ecclesiastical history, written for the most part by persons of Western sympathies, has on the whole tended to minimize. As the original creed of Nicæa was modified and developed into what we now know as the Nicene creed, so the Council of Chalcedon was qualified by the second Council of Constantinople in 553. But 451 is a far more familiar date to the Anglican theological student.

Our historical problem is to discover first of all the root of the disquiet that "in two natures," like 'homoousios,' aroused in the mind of Eastern Christendom. It was associated, quite rightly, with the influence of Theodoret of Cyrrhus, a friend of Nestorius, and like him a disciple of Theodore of Mopsuestia. Theodore stood primarily for an historical interpretation of Scripture against the mystical exegesis of Origen and the Origenists. His school of interpreters was strongest and most persistent in those lands where local patriotism preserved a keen interest in biblical topography and history. Driven from Edessa after the death of Ibas in about 457, and weak in Roman Syria generally after 489, it still had champions in Palestine at the time of the controversy over the "Three Chapters" in the middle of the sixth century. In Persian Mesopotamia at the schools of Nisibis it remained dominant all through the early Middle Ages. Its roots lie in a culture older than the diffusion of Hellenism in the Middle East, in the strong historical sense that we find not only in the Old Testament, but in Mesopotamian as distinct from Egyptian monuments. A linear view of history as a pilgrimage through the desert, a long caravan journey like those which Chaldæan merchants made down into Egypt, across Turkestan into China, by sea to Malabar, or from port to port in the Mediterranean, where

'Syrian' merchant colonies were found as far afield as Marseilles and Spain, clashed with the cyclical view that Greek philosophy favoured, especially in the schools of Alexandria. Egyptian history is timeless, a perpetual repetition of the same action, the rise and fall of the Nile, the birth and death of Pharaoh. But the story of Mesopotamia and Syria is full of particular historical crises. In Mesopotamia the divine king is called by the local god to come and share his throne. In Egypt he is the son of the gods from the beginning. His begetting and birth are a ritual action. These ancient images of divine kingship colour the diverse developments of Christology, accentuated in some Syrian Christian circles by emphatic opposition, not only to Hellenic polytheism, but to the dualism of the Sassanian state religion.

Fidelity to the tradition in the New Testament compelled every Christian theologian, at least after the condemnation of Paul of Samosata by councils at Antioch before 270, to date the union of humanity and divinity in Christ from the conception, and not only from the baptism. But the idea of an historical development, not only in the history of the world, but in the life of Christ, persisted in the tradition which came to be called Nestorian. The modern interpreters and defenders of this tradition among Protestant historians have tended to read into it their own preoccupation with the human Christ. But the motive behind it was not so much to safeguard the reality of Christ's humanity as to protect the idea of the divine unity, which might seem to be endangered by the assimilation of Christ to the god who was born and suffered, to Osiris, Atthis, and Adonis, to the other suffering god of Zoroaster's religion. Objections to the *Theotokos* were waived, except in Mesopotamia, after the condemnation of Nestorius. Objections to St. Cyril's insistence that God Himself, the Son of God, suffered in the flesh, persisted for more than a century after the Council of Ephesus, not only in Palestine and Mesopotamia, but in Rome and the West.

In the eyes of Monophysites the Council of Chalcedon was a victory for Nestorius, qualified only by the condemnation of his person and by the acceptance of *Theotokos*, which he himself was prepared to accept in a qualified sense. We now know that this was the view not only of Theodoret and his friend Ibas, who were acquitted at Chalcedon, but of Nestorius himself, who was condemned. In point of fact, was Pope Leo the Great speaking for a distinct Western tradition with another point of departure, quite distinct from the tradition represented by Theodoret and Theodore of Mopsuestia? The matter seems to me far from clear. We are all inclined to read back into earlier history differences between East and West which only began to develop in the course of the fourth and fifth centuries. Is there anything in Tertullian, or Novation, in matters of theology as distinct from discipline, that could not have been written equally well east of the Adriatic? Until the fourth century a remarkable uniformity of culture united the whole educated class of the Roman empire. The significant difference in ways of thinking is rather between this literary class, who thought in terms of Greek philosophy, and others whose thought was less abstract. So far as the Christian Church was concerned, the most widely diffused and influential of these less intellectual elements were the

Syrians, found everywhere as traders, bankers, doctors, skilled craftsmen, sharing a common language which they knew to be not very far removed from the Aramaic of the Bible, critical of Greek metaphysical preoccupations. It is important to remember that Roman Africa had not only Phœnician roots, and a language akin to Syriac, but important commercial contacts with the Syrian East. The Syrian element in Rome was important from the first to the eighth century. The tension between a more philosophical and a more historical way of thinking about Christianity, in so far as it was a tension between Greek and Syrian, divided Christians socially rather than geographically.

Solutions to this tension were being found in East and West before and after Chalcedon, but on rather different lines. In the Roman East the Syrian tradition of historical interpretation was eventually almost completely eliminated. Defenders of Theodore of Mopsuestia at the time of the controversy over the Three Chapters (*c.* 541–553) were confined to Palestine and Persian Mesopotamia. Elsewhere the victory lay with the Greek and Egyptian tradition, either in the Orthodox form which accepted the Council of Chalcedon as capable of a satisfactory explanation that could bring "in two natures" into harmony with St. Cyril's theology, or in the Monophysite form that could see no reconciliation between St. Cyril and Pope Leo, and sought other ways of expressing the distinction between divinity and humanity in Christ without using the obnoxious "in two natures." The difference between moderate Monophysitism and the Eastern form of Chalcedonian Orthodoxy was not entirely verbal. It came to light in the Monothelite controversy of the seventh century when St. Maximus the Confessor, faced with the challenge of Islam, found in the free harmony of two energies and wills in Christ a clue to the solution of the human problem of divine energy and free will. But this had hardly any effect on the development of Western theology.

In the West, on the other hand, confidence in St. Cyril of Alexandria, declining before Chalcedon, reached its nadir in the years that followed. The Roman Church was long inclined to distinguish between the expression "God was born," hallowed by the first Council of Ephesus, and the corresponding expression in regard to the Passion, "One of the Trinity suffered in the flesh." Even when this expression was accepted as orthodox by Pope John II in 533, the strength of the Western objections to the condemnation of Theodore of Mopsuestia, and of the letters of Theodoret and Ibas, in the controversy over the 'Three Chapters,' was not only due, I think, to an obstinate loyalty to the authority of the Council of Chalcedon, where Theodoret and Ibas had been acquitted, but to the persistence also, especially in Africa, of theological traditions sympathetic to the method and point of departure preserved in the East by the 'Nestorian' school of Nisibis, which was still taken as a model by Western educationalists in the middle of the sixth century. (An introductory manual of dogmatic theology by Paul the Persian, a student of Nisibis, was translated from Greek into Latin about 551 by the quæstor Junilius, at the request of the Bishop of Hadrumetum.[1])

[1] See L. Duchesne, *L'Eglise au sixième siècle*, Paris, 1925, p. 315.

Not until the diffusion of Latin translations of the Dionysian writings in the ninth century did the development of Eastern theology after Chalcedon have much constructive effect on the Latin tradition. The Western crucifix, developed in the central period of the Middle Ages, remains an image of the Son of Man who died, rather than an image of God suffering in the flesh, for the doctrine of the Trinity developed by St. Augustine before the Council of Chalcedon left little or no room for a theological consideration of the suffering Son of God that would avoid the pitfalls of Patripassianism. The strength of the Eastern tradition lies in its capacity to do justice to the experience of the nature of God's action in the world that found expression before Christianity in the Dionysian image of the God who has suffered in the flesh, the first-born from the dead. Where this image returns in the West, under the impulse of an experience deeply rooted in the nature of the world and in human nature, it cannot easily be related to the traditional doctrine of God.

GEORGE EVERY, S.S.M.

METROPHANES CRITOPOULOS, A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY GREEK STUDENT IN ENGLAND

THIS is a short sketch of a Greek hieromonk who finally became Patriarch of Alexandria in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, who through the contacts established between Archbishop Abbot and the Ecumenical Patriarch Cyrilis Loukaris, was sent to England by the latter to study theology. This beginning of a custom that has had in this century particularly so many valuable results both for Greeks and Slavs of the Orthodox Church, and incidentally in the exchange of students between us, is of particular interest to us to-day.

Metrophanes Critópoulos, already a priest and hieromonk of the Church of Alexandria, was sent to this country in the year 1617, being then some thirty-eight years of age. The letter of Cyrilis Loukaris, then Pope of Alexandria, commending him to the Archbishop of Canterbury's personal care is extant, and makes it clear that both King Charles I and the Archbishop had made a request that such students should be sent. He is described by the Patriarch as being of noble birth and talents.[1] Critópoulos was by birth a Macedonian and had been trained for the priesthood on the holy mount of Athos. Here he became a friend of Cyrilis Loukaris, who had sought sanctuary on the mountain from the persecutions of the Ecumenical Patriarch Timotheos. Cyrilis, when elected Pope of Alexandria, later took him with him to Egypt, subsequently sending him to England as the most suitable person for the purpose.

It would appear from contacts and friends he made, that Critópoulos became a student first (under the Archbishop's patronage) at Gresham College in London, and afterwards entered Balliol College, Oxford, where as the Archbishop expressed it in a letter to the Patriarch, he had planted " this generous young shoot of a Grecian school in a pleasant garden, where he may flourish among us and in good time bring forth fruit; it is in the

[1] J. M. Neale, *Eastern Church*, Vol. II, pp. 385ff.

University of Oxford, where there is a most excellent library, and seventeen colleges, and where a numerous race of learned men are supported at public expense, as in a Prytanæum." [2]

While at Balliol, where he was for five years at Abbott's expense, he appears to have been a competent student and scholar, and made many distinguished friends, the number and range of which is indicated by the autographs and entries in his private Album (or φιλοθήκη) which is still extant. Not only academic personalities, many of whom were later raised to the episcopate, but scientists, poets and scholars, such as Briggs, Bainbridge, Robert Burton of *Anatomy of Melancholy* and *Urn Burial* fame, Corbet and Goffe, Meric Casaubon and Lucas Holstenius, appear in various degrees of friendship and admiration of the Greek priest-monk.

It becomes clear, however, from the correspondence of Sir Thomas Roe (Ambassador to the Sublime Porte) and Archbishop Abbott, that subsequent to his career at Balliol, Critópoulos fell seriously from the favour of the Archbishop, who became very bitter towards his former protégeé. It is difficult to discover from the records either in Neale or in the Richardson edition of *Sir Thomas Roe's Negotiations with the Grand Signor*, why he fell from grace. The avowed reason given by Abbott was that Critópoulos refused to return to Constantinople by sea, as arranged for him, but desired to visit the German universities by going overland. In this desire Critópoulos was only fulfilling the wish of his friend and sponsor Cyrilis Loukaris, now Ecumenical Patriarch, and anxious to establish relations with the Reformed bodies on the Continent.

It is possible that the rift came about by Critópoulos being too intimate with King James I, and thereby causing the anger and maybe the disgust of the Archbishop.[3] But in spite of harsh letters to the Patriarch from Abbott, Cyrilis continued to trust and support his emissary and friend. Indeed Cyrilis refused to believe anything to his detriment, although Sir Thomas Roe, the English Ambassador, did not hesitate to pass on Abbott's letters on the subject; while here in England Critópoulos continued to enjoy the good opinion and respect of prominent and distinguished scholars.

As Neale so pertinently remarks, had Launcelot Andrewes been elevated to throne of Canterbury, as was his due both for piety, learning and episcopal experience, much of the trouble with Critópoulos, as well as the mournful results of Cyrilis Loukaris's apostasy from the Orthodox Faith, might have been avoided. For Andrewes was deeply learned in patristic literature and had a considerable knowledge of Eastern liturgies, and above all sympathy for Orthodoxy. The approach would have been entirely different.

Before returning to Constantinople by the Continent, Critópoulos had

[2] Neale, *op. cit.*, pp. 388ff.

[3] It seems that Critópoulos procured an audience of King James at Newmarket before leaving the country, and that he had been persuaded by unworthy friends to solicit the King's favour to grant both civil and ecclesiastical dignities to individuals who would make it worth Critópoulos's while. We do not know whether he succeeded, but a very flattering *laissez-passer* signed and sealed by the King was given to him. Further, a gift of books of some value was made by Abbott to the Patriarch through Critópoulos, which seemed to demand a direct voyage if they were to be safely brought to Turkey.

spent seven years in England, and under the most favourable circumstances. His eventual elevation to the throne of Alexandria would seem to point to the fact that whatever encouragement he gave to Loukaris in his ill-judged Calvinist and Lutheran enthusiasms, he himself preserved a fidelity to the Orthodox Faith.

The problem of the Patriarch Cyrilis's theological wanderings and tragic end does not enter into this short note of his favourite friend and pupil's sojourn in England. It is wise to suspend judgment on his actions. He lived in a troubled and confused period, and owed his throne and life on more than one occasion to the good offices of our Ambassador and the Dutch Minister. He was being ground between the upper and lower millstone of the corrupt Ottoman Turkish overlordship and the violent machinations of the French Embassy and the Jesuits. The fatal necessity of bowing before the storm which has so often been a painful, moral and spiritual obligation and dilemma to the Orthodox probably reached in the case of Cyrilis Loukaris its most violent and tragic example.

A few notes may be added as to sources. Dr. J. M. Neale in his history of the Patriarchate of Alexandria (Vol. II of *History of the Holy Eastern Church*) depends mainly upon Smith, *Vita Cyr. Lucar;* Dr. Beaven's article in the *British Magazine* for 1842; Leo Allatius, *De perp. Consens:* (regarded by Neale as most untrustworthy and worthy of the title of Doctor Falsiloquus); Le Quien's history of the Patriarchate of Alexandria and Catalogue, and a number of others. Since Neale's time, however, a life of Critópoulos has been written by Markos Rhenieres in Greek (Athens 1893), and an interesting account of the activities and correspondence of Sir Thomas Roe, edited by S. Richardson and published in London in 1740, has come to light. An important article in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, Vol. 46, pt. ii, 1926, is the basis for much of the information in this short notice.

AUSTIN OAKLEY.

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

(The following lively and unconventional diary of a visit to Mount Athos in 1950 is contributed by a correspondent of *The Christian East* who has spent a period of study in Greece following on his academic career at Cambridge. It represents a very recent impression of the Monastic Republic.)

12 vii. 50. I

Daphne

It had shadowed us ever since we steamed down the Thessalian coast to Saloniki. That first night was unforgettable: the rose fingers of an early dawn splayed out till the grey outline turned to silver. Then it was almost a mirage, a dream; and between that dream and the fact we were now approaching, had lain all the pitfalls of Greek political and ecclesiastical bureaucracy. Not that in the end these pits proved particularly deep or menacing; the obstacles were presented and swept away with a disarming geniality, which, but for the heat and the waste of time involved, might have seemed a game of tip-and-run. And yet here we were, armed with every signature of every important personage, suitors at the court of this sacred Colossus: were at last round the last cape of Chalcidice, and face to face with the fact of Athos.

Any pilgrim might well have been as much put out of countenance as Hodge, the doctor's celebrated cat, by the exasperating preliminaries. But at the first encounter with the mountain, " all doubts were at an end, all passion spent." Throughout the twenty-one hours' trip by caique from Saloniki *vana curiositas* had been hard to silence: all these women and children? But we landed the last of them across the water, and, more assured, reached the little port of Daphne.

The innkeeper was all smiles, but more at the arrival of mail and supplies in the caique than as a welcome for two weary Angloi whom he ignored until they had shaken off some of their weariness in the Ægean. He then regaled them with ouzo, soup and eggs, while entertainment came from a little monk from the sketai of St. Anne farther south, who told us how very wrong it was to spend less than a month on the peninsular. He was a shy and kindly man, very bright, with some knowledge of the extra-Orthodox world.

The scene that evening when the sun had gone down would have provided Covent Garden with a stage set all ready for the appearance of Carmen: the tables beneath the vines from which hung the oil lamps, the shaggy publican and his shaggier guests, an old man in blue tights, a Harry Lauder stick and a vast white beard, and even a young soldier. Indeed, the natural beauty of Athos apart from its Byzantine treasures, deserves a special diary of its own, quite beyond the scope of this one.

As we set out next morning at 8, later than we intended, the sun was already high, and the climb was a stiff one—though apart from my being nearly pushed over a ravine by a passing mule—uneventful. A view of Lemnos, a grey shadow, from the top, and then down as steeply into Karyes, a largish village with several shops, big houses and two churches. A visit to the police for yet another signature, which we flourished before the revered official in the Holy Synod, where our passes to visit the monasteries had to be obtained. After piling all our documents on his table we retired to the nearby monastery of Coutloumoussiou, called after the noble Turkish family of Coutloumouch, responsible for its foundation. The guide who had accompanied us from the Synod disappeared for a quarter of an hour before he ushered us up to the Guest Room. Here we were received by a portly monk with a half-Greek, half-Canadian accent. Apparently he had kept a restaurant for thirty years in Canada before returning to Greece in '39, and losing all his dollars. He had joined his uncle here in Coutloumoussiou, and as it were had become a monk by accident. Not that he appeared content with his goodly heritage; his lot had fallen on a fairer ground in the New World (there was no place like Canada). The chief reason was that the Greeks couldn't cook, and all he got on Athos was pumpkins and olives, and hard, hard bread. This diatribe however was not enough to put us off our lunch of potatoes, cucumbers and olives, when we met " the young English journalist " as he had been described at Daphne the day before. He was in fact, in his own words, " a free-lance writer pottering about the M.E.," frank and intelligent, who had spent a month on the peninsular and was away to Athens the next day. Fed and sustained, we said good-bye to the guestmaster, who pressed on us an

apocalyptic treatise to which he seemed to want a reply in English. A quick look at the sixteenth century frescoes where the monks were saying Vespers, and so back to Karyes, where the documents were ready with signatures and the Sacred Seal, that was the open sesame to monastic hospitality. We were then free to look at the Panselinus mosaics in the Protaton (badly damaged by damp) and in the exquisite little chapel of the Prodromos, tended carefully by the two brothers who lived there. We were then shown the road to Iviron, a large idiorythmic monastery of the tenth century, which lay on the east coast in a direct line from Daphne and Karyes. Iviron is generally thought of as a dying monastery. There are less than thirty monks there now, though a number of laics have been imported for the timber trade, which is the principal industry on the peninsular. "It's not what it was," said Father Athanasius, the librarian, and went on to tell us how the Communists even tried to introduce women on to Athos in the Civil War. They were repulsed by the local "chorophylakes" and all killed. "C'est le colère de Dieu, le colère de Dieu" he thundered, rising from the bench to add to the effect of his 'ça ira.' In spite of its decadence, the place was clean enough—the ἐργάτης (pronounced with all the feudal emphasis one would expect) sees to that—and apart from killing a bat (to make *pharmaka* we were told) we were left to enjoy a tolerable bed. Robin rose early for his trip to Pantocrator and I soon after for my bathe. The rest of the day I was left to wander about in peace, taking a closer look at the frescoes and visiting the sacred well where the Pantanaitsa was alleged to have been borne across the sea. My evening meal was a somewhat anxious one. While I was eating the usual bean-soup the boy that 'does' for the guests brought me the startling news that America was at war with Russia. Though I pressed him for more, even looking up the Greek for a 'joke' in case he was not serious, he insisted that it had come through on the radio at Karyes. I could have laughed at my predicament: at any moment the Balkans might be invaded, England might be dragged in and I should spend the next ten years incarcerated in a remote Siberian hinterland. I slept however—overslept; and it was 6.15 before I was on the cliff-road (or track) to Stavronikita my next stop. An hour's rough walking, up and down, back and forward, with an almost Cornish scene, except that the rocks were smooth and flaked like hard pastry and the sea so clear that you could make out the fish from a height of 150 feet and more. And what a contrast, this place from the last: the other sprawled, a vast medley of structures from Byzantine mushroom to high Renaissance château: this hung compact and neat over the cliff, as if wishing to peer round the mountain at its master the Grand Lavra. And what a contrast in the welcome—all grace and smiles, while the coffee and ouzo were prepared, and hardly drunk before a shout from below, "Hi there, young fellow" in the best Wild-West tradition, which meant I was to see the library. This meant in fact the two show-pieces of which they were justly proud, an eleventh century and a twelfth century Gospel in gold Romaic lettering. These were displayed with the showman-like flourish that could be expected of an Americo-Greek. It was then made clear that I could make myself scarce. So I enjoyed a warm bathe on a

sandy beach that I had passed from Iviron and said the Liturgy (it had finished at 4 a.m. at Stavronikita) and Mattins on a tree-stump, beating off wasps the while. Later, as I stirred myself to say Evensong in the Catholicon, I was subjected to my first Orthodox attack. He was a young monk with sharp features and eyes that I shall always associate with a watchful sanctity that is not Western. He had only been on the mountain two years, having studied before that at Moni Petraki, where I was bound. Not that he approved of the teaching there, it was 'modernist' in trend: nor did he approve of most of the prelates of his Church, and most of his fellow monks were as a whole ἄνδρες σάρκικοι. And he saw in this worldliness one of the main seeds of Greek and Russian communism—just as he complained of indulgencies in the Roman Church. In fact, he was the true type of the uncompromising thoroughgoing apocalyptic spirit of the Eastern Church; and as such he showed a complete incomprehension of the Anglican position, as I tried haltingly to expound it. And as for my suggestion that films and the theatre, to which he expressed a particular aversion, were modern means of expression analogous to ikons, mosaics and the ceremonial of the Middle Ages—I think I really shocked him. He was certainly a Puritan, but he was too single-minded to be proud. Two things I found particularly striking: the first, his real joy in and understanding of the monastic life—as when he pointed to the angel of the Annunciation fresco and showed, garment by garment, how it was the type of the monastic habit. The second was his simile—"You stir the pot with all your activity, and what do you see? Nothing but turmoil. You let it calm and look down, and what do you see? Yourself." "Martha, Martha," the rebuke went home. That evening, after a frugal meal spent with the σάρκικοι monks, smoking on the balcony that leans high over the edge of the cliff, I heard from one of them of the festival of St. Athanasius the Founder at the Lavra in twelve days' time. I decided to alter my plans, which involved going north to Pantocrator and Vatopedi, and retrace my steps southwards to the Great Lavra.

By 8.30 next morning I was at Caracalla. Before this haven was reached I had fought for nearly two hours through brae and thicket for a path, making many, many circles in my attempt to reconcile the 'Guide Bleu' with the directions of a Russian anchorite. The latter was of course correct.

I arrived at 10.30 hot and dirty to see the monks hammering away at their barrels in preparation for the August grape-harvest. I must have looked a bit weather-beaten, for they were all kindness and showed me straight to bed with some bread, ouzo, bean-soup and a sweet wine to assist my siesta. What little gems these small monasteries are, with their bright variegated colours and different styles in wood and stone, all blended in a συνομιλία, a little city at unity with itself. All nature and man's natural genius seem to have conspired to blend rest and labour in a liturgy of peace. This one was mine for only a few hours before I was on the dusty road for five long but very beautiful hours to the Lavra. The nearer one gets to the mountain, the more wild flowers spring up—probably because the springs take longer to dry up; and though you may curse the up-down,

in and out of the Athonite cliffs, every yard has a wonder to reveal, while always it seems to hide the end. At last, however, when the stones had woven patterns in my pads and the pack become almost insupportable, the track became easier and more smooth, a wall appeared, a cypress tree, some houses—and then the Great Lavra itself.

The first impression is one of massive weight and power, rather than of beauty. Yet of course, apart from the gems within, the crown has a morphic beauty also. It rises high above the sea on a platform, itself shaded by a spur of the mountain behind. Like a medieval wall-town it dominates all around, while the landward side is protected by a high wall and tower. It is here that you enter, through great vaulted passages, designed to keep out rather than to welcome in. The atmosphere, however, of the court outside was all welcome—the buzz of many Athonite tongues, men from Saloniki, Rhodes, Calchidice or Samothrace, paying their annual visit and finding their old friends only a year longer in tooth and beard. The festival had started, and every one was too busy to notice a very ragged, unfestive-feeling Englishman tottering through the crowd, for all the world like the blind friar in Inglesant.

I don't think the guestmaster was overjoyed to see me. Of course he was kind and smiled—but he had quite enough on his hands already. I tried to mollify him by explaining I'd come across several continents specially to celebrate Athanasius's birthday at the Lavra, but he was too worried to be much impressed. He showed me a room, then ushered me downstairs to the Great Refectory or Trapeza. There I sat, with a hundred plates before me, bean-soup, octopus, salads and all, on a platform, quite alone, while all the 'locals' (*ochlos* or *laos* the monks called them) stared hard and long. I was too hungry to care much. You get used to being treated like a new arrival from the Planet Jason any way—and my attention was sufficiently divided between the food and the frescoes. And what a feast *they* were: every Doctor you could dream of, every martyrdom, surrounded by some graceful virginal scenes, and faced by the Mystikos Deipnos at the top and the Second Coming at the bottom. A delightful picture of Nicæa tucked away in a niche, presided over by Constantine, with Arius swimming at his and the Fathers' feet in a slimy heretical mire.

The next morning all was astir—in fact nothing had ceased stirring all night—when I rose at 7 the last Office was being said and I was in time to see the Hegoumenos and servers bearing out the sacred relics to be blessed at the Agiasmos outside with censings and chanting. I was taken away from this by a little iron-grey monk (he turned out to be Petrides the doctor and surgeon) who warned me the Liturgy was soon to begin, and I'd better get a good seat). So I sat among the 'gerontes' in the south of the Naos. The robing ceremony was quite magnificent, with the mitred, snow-white hegoumenos looking timeless as a fresco of St. Athanasius himself. And then the Great Entrance with the candelabra swinging away as the Cherubic hymn sounded forth.

After the Communion they brought in two massive circular trays covered in icing sugar, with pictures of St. Athanasius and the Panagia, portrayed in colours on each. They were set before their respective ikons and then

carried out to the Refectory. First, however, there was coffee, ouzo and *loukoumia* (Turkish Delight) in the "salle de reception" with the hegoumenos presiding, all sitting very formally round the walls. Here I met a young Cretan priest, now a hermit at Iviron of whom I was to see more later, gay and lively, yet serious with it all. I took to him immediately and was glad to hear he was coming to study in England for a few years in '51.

The meal was a fine one. The lunch which followed and the supper at night were the most medieval things I had yet seen. The two lines of semi-circular stone tables filled with monks and rather dusky laity. At the head, on a raised dais the hegoumenos with a few chosen greybeards—while up and down whisked the ponderous M.C. and his attendants carrying trays, amphoræ and dishes. Then the singing: the prolonged, monotonous semi-discords that impress the Western ear first with their weird cacophany, and then fascinate—almost drug, such is their zealous solemnity. Strangely enough I had said Psalm 90 at Mattins that day—"a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday: seeing that is past as a watch in the night" —Dominus refugium 'nostrum'—A.D. 1057 seemed suddenly so near, as if it was here for ever.

(*To be continued.*) GRAHAM DOWELL.

TO CHRIST CRUCIFIED

[These eloquent Monostrophica in Greek appear at the end of the famous *Preces Privatæ* of Bishop Launcelot Andrewes. Their authorship is not known, but supposing that they are not eventually found among the poems, e.g., of Sophronius the Learned, Patriarch of Jerusalem in the seventh century, it may well be that they were composed by Andrewes himself, that lover of Christ's Passion and consummate Greek scholar. The poetic treatment of the Passion (and the delineation of the crucifixion in ikonography) becomes increasingly rare in Orthodoxy. The reason for this may in part be traced to the great insistence by Orthodox ascetical writers on imageless or pure prayer, as the goal of those who seek perfection in the hidden life. The remarkable development in the West of a largely humanistic devotion to the Sacred Passion represents a different tradition, and was greatly increased by the tragic events of the late Middle Ages immediately before the Reformation. The original metre of the poem has not been followed closely in this translation.]

Enough and more has been our false and empty meed
  Of breath of inspiration.
From the mouths of gods of old.
Change now thy melodies, O Muse,
Take up thy lyre of many strings,
Intone with power a worthy hymn
  To the regal Chief, the Crucified!

What can I begin to say of Thee,
O treasury of miracles uncircumscribed,
  Of depths unplumbed?

For I would tell of that which mortal man
Cannot express, and to the spirits blest
An enmeshed riddle.
Thou who art ever God,
How didst Thou die?

Of Mercy I would tell,
Its deeps inscrutable, as of the sea;
When, as a ransom from our foes
The Father offered up the Son.
In words sublime I sing
God's triumph-song
Of lifeless Body in the grave three days,
And Hades taken as a booty
Yea and death by death subdued.

Yet mark how round us wails and mutters
The Hill called "of a skull,"
With hoarse and clamorous roaring loads our ears,
Of those that perish, those already lost.

To that same Hill, leap out swift sight,
And look! who hangs in midst of three?
(In no wise like the other two,)
Stretched out upon the four-yoked bole.
The gentle Head
Hangs mildly down.
And in their holy strength, his arms
Stretched tautly on the rood,
And by the ruthless bolted nails
Both here and there held fast!

O wretched man, canst thou
Look on unmoved?
Lament, with many tears,
And rend thy vesture
Strike thy breast
Tear out thy locks,
And melted be thy very heart.

Dost thou not see Him all incarnadined?
No glitter His as of the Tyrian Sea
But of His blood that drop by drop runs down
Part from the hard bite of thorns bound to His Head
Part from His limbs the bitter scourge
Has held in stern embrace.

Throw wide, throw wide the portals of thine eyes,
Loose down, O loose their fonts
And fill the earth with dew of tears,
As He unstinting poured
His blood, His very blood.
Why grudging with thy rare and niggard drops,
O mortal man? A.O.

The sermon here translated was preached in Constantinople on Christmas Day (December 25th—this is the earliest evidence for the observance of that date in Constantinople), in the year A.D. 379. St. Basil had died on the first day of that same year, and St. Athanasius in A.D. 372. The Arian Emperor Valens had been killed at Adrianople in August, 378. And when Theodosius, who was understood to be Orthodox, was proclaimed Emperor, but had not yet entered the city, St. Gregory had been induced, early in 379, to leave his Isaurian retreat, and establish himself there as an outpost of Orthodoxy. But the city was largely Arian. The Arian Bishop Demophilus was in possession of the churches. And St. Gregory, to whom Theodosius would hand them over on his entry, less than a year later, was still using the little 'Anastasia' church which he had established in the house of his friends. It is, then, to a period of great expectancy that the sermon belongs. The troubles due to Arian persecution are still in the air, and only a few months earlier, at Easter, the Arians had invaded Gregory's little church, stoned him, and then arraigned him before the judges (events which are echoed in the sermon). The Egypt of St. Athanasius is still looked to confidently as the stronghold of Orthodoxy ("If He delays in Egypt, call Him out of Egypt: for there He is worshipped aright"). St. Gregory's bitter disillusionments are still a few months ahead.

The epoch-making character of the sermon is realized when we look at the opening, taken over by St. Cosmas to be the beginning of the Canon which is sung throughout the Byzantine Church at Christmas Mattins; or at that oft-quoted passage in which the account of the unknowability of God culminates in a supreme proclamation of the teaching of 'Theosis.'

In two points of translation I have been bold—perhaps rash. Once I have translated οὐσία as 'reality' rather than 'being.' And once I have been driven by the necessity for translating αἰώνιος as 'eternal' to translate αἰών as 'eternity.' I think the resultant meaning can stand, but I am, of course conscious that it can only accurately represent the meaning of the Greek if we revise our use of the word 'eternity.' D.J.C.

THE CHRISTMAS SERMON OF ST. GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS

CHRIST IS BORN—sing "Glory": Christ from Heaven—come to meet Him: Christ upon earth—be ye exalted. *Sing unto the Lord, all the whole earth.* And (let me say, combining both together) *Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad* for Him who is in Heaven, and then upon earth. Christ in the flesh!—with trembling and with joy be

glad: with trembling for sin; with joy for the hope. Christ from a Virgin! O women, be virgins, that ye may become mothers of Christ. Who does not worship Him who is from the beginning? Who does not glorify Him who is the end? Again the darkness is dissolved, again the Light is established. Again Egypt is punished with darkness, again Israel is enlightened with the pillar. Let *the people that sat in darkness* of ignorance *see the great light* of the full knowledge. *The old things are passed away: behold all things are become new.* The letter recedes; the Spirit advances. The shadows pass by; the Truth comes on. Melchisedek is assembled—the *motherless* becomes *fatherless:* motherless first, and after fatherless. The laws of nature are broken down. The world above must be fulfilled. Christ commands, and we must not resist. *O clap your hands together, all ye peoples. For unto us a Child is born: unto us a Son is given. And the government shall be upon His shoulder*—for with the Cross it is raised up. *And His name shall be called Angel of Great Counsel* of the Father. Let John cry *Prepare ye the way of the Lord.* I will cry the meaning of the Day. The Fleshless is made flesh: the Word is made concrete: the Invisible is seen: the Intangible is handled: the Timeless begins: the Son of God becomes Son of Man, *Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and for ever.* Let Jews be scandalized, let Greeks make mockery, let heretics twist their tongues. Then will they believe, when they see Him ascending into Heaven: or if not then, at least when they see Him coming from Heaven, and sitting as Judge.

These things come after. But now Theophany is our fair—Theophany, or Nativity: for it is called by both names, two titles being set for a single fact. For God appeared to men by being born. On the one side, He IS, and ever IS, from the Ever-Being, above cause, and above word—for neither was there a word above the Word. On the other, for our sake He later came to be, that He who gave being might also bestow well being—or rather, when we had slipped away from well being because of evil, He might bring us back again thereto by being made flesh. But the name for His appearing is Theophany; for His being born, Nativity. This is our fair, this the feast we keep to-day; God's coming to dwell with men, that we might emigrate to God—or return back to Him, for it were truer to say so: that we might *put off the old man, and put on the new;* and *as in Adam* we *died, so also in Christ* we might *live,* being with Christ both born and crucified, and buried, and raised up. For I must experience the fair reversal: and as out of the better state came the sorrowful, so out of the sorrowful must return the better. For *where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.* And if the tasting brought condemnation, how much more did Christ's suffering bring justification?

Therefore let us keep the feast, not like a fair, but divinely; not in worldly wise but other-worldly; not in our ways, but in ways of Him who is ours; not of the sickness, but of the healing; not of the fashioning, but of the restoring. And how shall this be? Let us not garland the porches, nor set up dances, nor adorn the streets. Let us not feast the eye, nor flood the ear with fluting, nor womanize our smelling, nor prostitute our tasting, nor bestow favours on our touch—the ways that are ready unto vice, and

GEVAERT BE

entries of sin. Let us not luxuriate in soft and flowing raiment, whereof the fairest part is profitless; nor in translucencies of stones, nor glittering of gold, nor colours cunningly devised, that fake the natural beauty, and are invented against the Image; nor in *revelling and drunkenness*, to which I know that *chambering and wantonness* are wedded. For bad teachers give bad lessons—rather, from evil seeds springs an evil harvest. Let us not pile high the couches, making for the belly a stage for its debauches. Let us not value the bouquets of wines, wizardries of cooks, expensiveness of ointments. Let not earth and sea bring us tribute of their precious dung—for that is the price I have learnt to set on delight. Let us not vie to surpass each other in intemperance—for to me intemperance is everything that is excessive and beyond our requirement—and that when others are hungry and in need, who are of the same clay and compounding as ourselves.

But let us leave these things to Greeks, and Grecian vaunts and fairs—Greeks, who speak of gods rejoicing in steaming fat, and whose service of the divine is guided by the belly; evil fashioners of evil demons, and instructors and initiates of their mysteries. But we, whose worship is the Word—if we must have delight, let it be in the word, and in divine law and narratives, and especially those from which comes to-day's fair, that our delights may be appropriate, and not far from that which has called us together. Or will you (for I am the master of your banquet to-day) that I set before you noble feasters the word concerning this as lavishly and generously as I can, that you may know how the stranger can feed the natives, and the countryman the townsfolk, and he who is without delights those who live therein, and the poor man and homeless those who are famed for their abundance?

But here I will make my beginning. And cleanse me both your mind and your hearing and your understanding, all ye who feed on such delights—since the word concerns God, and is divine—that ye may depart having fed on delights that are not emptied away. And this word shall be at once most full and most concise, so as neither to vex by incompleteness, nor to be unpleasing by reason of satiety.

God ever was, and is and shall be. Rather, He ever Is. For "was" and "shall be" are divisions of our time-system. But *He who Is*, is ever. And this is the name He gives Himself in His oracle to Moses upon the mountain. For comprised within Himself He has all Being, which neither had beginning nor shall have an end; like some ocean of Reality, endless and boundless, falling outside and beyond every thought both of time and of nature; by the mind alone sketched in, and that all too dimly and in a measure, not from the things on His level, but from the things about Him, with fancies gathered one from here and one from there into a single semblance of the Truth, which flees before we have a hold upon it, and slips away before our mind has grasped it, shining just so much about our master-faculty, even when that is cleansed, as the speed of lightning that stays not shines about our sight; as it seems to me, that by its apprehensibility it may draw us to itself (for that which is completely inapprehensible cannot be hoped for nor attempted), but for its inapprehensibility it may be wondered at, and being wondered at may be desired the more, and being

desired may cleanse us, and cleansing may make us godlike, and, when we are become so, may now hold converse with us as its own—my word here dares some youthful boldness—God unto gods united and made known—and even so much, perhaps, as He knows already those who are known.

Infinite, then, is Godhead, and hardly to be contemplated: and the only thing in it quite comprehensible is its infinity: though a man should think, because it is of simple nature, that it is either wholly inapprehensible, or completely apprehensible. For let us seek further what it is that is of simple nature. For surely its nature does not consist just in its simplicity, if neither does the nature of composite things consist in their being composite.

Now the infinite can be thought of in two ways, both in regard to beginning and in regard to end: for what is beyond these bounds, and not within them, is infinite. And when the mind looks towards the upper deep, and has not where to stay, nor what to lean upon, in its fancies about God, this infinite from which is no egress it calls 'beginningless'; but when to the lower deep, and the things that follow, it calls that 'deathless' and 'indestructible.' But when it draws the whole together, it calls it 'eternal.' For eternity is neither time nor a part of time: for neither is it measurable. But what time is to us, measured by the movements of the sun, that to the everlasting things is eternity, stretching along the things that are like a kind of temporal movement and dimension.

Let this for the present be enough philosophy about God. For neither is there time for more than this. For our subject is not Divinity, but Dispensation. But when I say "about God," I mean, "about Father and Son and Holy Spirit"; not diffusing Godhead beyond these, lest we should introduce a whole people of gods; nor limiting It to less than these, lest we be condemned for poverty of Godhead; that the Unity of Source lead us not to judaize, nor the unstintingness to hellenize: for there is like evil in both, though it be found in opposites.

So then the Holy of Holies, which even to the Seraphim is veiled, and glorified with three *Hallow*ings gathered up in a single *Lord*ship and *God*head, as another before us has philosophized most loftily and well. But since it could not suffice His Goodness to be moved only by the contemplation of Itself, but the Good must be poured out and travel, so that there should be more receiving the benefit—for this was essential to consummate Goodness—first He conceives the angelic and heavenly powers. And the concept was deed, by Word completed, and by Spirit perfected. And thus secondary splendours were brought into existence, ministers of the primary Splendour—whether we are to think of them as intellectual spirits, or as fire, as it were immaterial and bodiless, or as some other nature very near to what we have said: beings, I would wish to say, not to be moved to evil, and having only the motion of the good, since they are about God, and receive their light immediately from Him—for things here are of a secondary illumination: but that I should think and speak of them as not unmoved but hardly to be moved, I am persuaded by him who was Lucifer in his brightness, and for his pride became and is called darkness, with the rebel powers that are under him, creators of evil by their flight from the good, and introducing it to us.

So then, and for these causes, did He bring the conceptual world into existence,—at least as my philosophy runs about this, weighing up the great things with a little word. But when He saw that the first things were well, He conceived a second world, material and visible (and this is that which consists and is compacted from heaven and earth and the things which lie between; admirable for the perfection of every part, but still more worthy of praise for the good fitting together and concert of them all—one part well suited for one purpose, and another for another, and all together for all, to consummation of a single world)—to show that He is able to bring into existence not only a nature akin to himself, but also one wholly alien. For akin to Godhead are the intellectual natures which by mind alone are apprehensible: and alien altogether are all those which come under the senses; and still farther away than these, such as are entirely lifeless and immobile.

"But what of all this to us?"—perhaps someone may say, of those who are especially lovers of feasts, and fervent—"Spur thy colt towards the goal. Make us philosophy relevant to the feast, and the scene before which we set ourselves to-day." Yes, and I will do this, even if I have begun a little earlier, desire and the word constraining me.

Mind and sense, then, being now thus separated from each other, stood within their own limits, and were bearing in themselves the majesty of the creator Word, praisers in their silence, and thrilling heralds, of His great work. But not yet was there a compound from both, nor any mixing of the opposites, as a means of making known a greater wisdom, and the munificence spent on the natures created: nor was all the wealth of His Goodness made known.

This desiring to display, and a single living thing from both—to wit, from invisible and visible nature—the artist Word created MAN. And taking the body from matter already in existence, and from Himself inserting Life, which our word knows as intellectual soul, and image of God, He set him upon earth like a second world, great in a little space, another angel, mingled worshipper, spectator of the visible creation, and initiate of the conceptual; king of the things on earth; reigned over from above; earthly and heavenly; temporal and immortal; visible and conceptual; in the midst between greatness and lowliness; at once spirit and flesh—spirit because of Grace, flesh because of pride; spirit that he might abide and glorify the Benefactor; flesh that he might suffer, and suffering remember and be instructed, the greatness being lavished on him; a life here dispensed, and otherwhere translated, and—the end of the mystery—by inclining Godward deified. For unto this, I know, is leading the moderate light of truth that we have here—to see and to experience God's splendour, a splendour worthy of Him who both combined and will dissolve, and will combine again in loftier wise.

Him he set in Paradise—whatever that Paradise may have been—and honoured with free will (that the good might be of him who chooses not less than of Him who gives the seeds); a husbandman of immortal plants—of divine thoughts, perhaps, both the simpler and the more perfect; naked in his simplicity and artless life, and without any covering or screening—

for it was fitting that the original man should be such. And He gave him a law as matter for his free will: and the law was a commandment, of what plants he might partake, and which one he should not touch; and that was the Tree of Knowledge—neither planted ill from the beginning, nor forbidden out of envy—let not the fighters against God turn thither their tongues, nor imitate the serpent—but good if it be partaken of at the right time. For the plant was contemplation—as my contemplation has it—to which it is only safe for those to mount who are of more perfect condition. But it is not good for those who are as yet simple and of lustful appetite; even as adult food is not profitable for those who are still tender and require milk.

But when by envy of the devil and a woman's mischief—both what she suffered in her tenderness and what she brought upon him in her persuasiveness—alas! my weakness! for mine is my forefather's—he forgot the commandment he had been given, and succumbed to the bitter tasting, and became an exile for the evil alike from the Tree of Life and from Paradise and from God, and was clad in the *coats of skins*—perhaps this coarser flesh, and mortal and resistent—and had this for first knowledge—his own shame; and hid from God; even here he had some gain, to wit death, and that the sin should be cut short, so that the ill should not be immortal. And the penalty becomes a kindness—for it is thus, I am persuaded, that God punishes.

And having first by many means been chastened, for the sins a-many which budded from the root of evil, from divers causes and at divers times; by word, law, prophets, benefits, threats, plagues, waters, conflagrations, wars, victories, defeats, by signs from heaven, signs from air, from earth, from sea, by unexpected changes of men, of cities, of nations, by which the object was that the evil should be rubbed out; at last he needs a stronger medicine, for sicknesses more dire—mutual slayings, adulteries, perjuries, sodomies, and (the last and first of all the ills) idolatries, and the transference of worship from the Maker to the creatures. Since these required a greater succour, a greater succour also they received. And that was the very Word of God, the pre-eternal, the invisible, the incomprehensible, the bodiless, Beginning from Beginning, Light of Light, fountain of life and of immortality, the impress of the Archetype, the seal unmoved, the exact Image, the Term and Word of the Father. He comes into His own image, and wears flesh for flesh's sake, and with an intellectual soul for my soul's sake is mingled, cleansing again like by like, and becomes in all things, save for sin, Man, brought forth from the Virgin, who was forecleansed both in soul and in flesh by the Spirit (for both birth had to be honoured, and virginity honoured first); but coming forth God with that which He assumed, a single thing from the two opposites, flesh and spirit—the one deifying, the other deified. O the novel mixing! O the paradox compounding! He who is comes to be, and the Uncreated is created, and the Uncontainable contained, by means of an intellectual soul mediating between Godhead and concreteness of flesh: and the Giver of wealth becomes poor—poor with my own flesh, that I might become rich with His own Godhead: and the Full is emptied—emptied of His own Glory for a little, that I might partake of His own fullness.

What is the wealth of Goodness, what this mystery concerning me? I partook of the Image and did not keep it. He partakes of my flesh, that He might both save the Image and immortalize the flesh. He shares a second sharing, a greater paradox than the first: for then He imparted of the better, but now He partakes of the worse. This is more Godlike than the first, this more lofty, to those who have understanding.

What do the slanderers say to this, the bitter auditors of Godhead, the accusers of the things we praise, in darkness about the Light, about Wisdom uninstructed, for whom Christ died for nothing, graceless creatures, fashionings of the evil one? Dost thou bring this as an accusation against God, even His beneficence? Does this make Him small, that for thy sake He is lowly? That the Good Shepherd, who lays down His life for the sheep, came after the wanderer, to the mountains and hills whereon thou wast making sacrifice, and found it wandering, and when He had found it, He lifted it upon His shoulders, whereon also the Cross was laid, and took it and brought it back again to the Life above; and, having brought it back, numbered it with those that had remained? That He lit the lamp of His own flesh, and swept the house, purging the world of sin, and sought the piece of silver—the royal image crusted over with the passions—and calls together the powers that are His friends at the finding of the piece, and makes them sharers of His gladness, whom He had also initiated into the secret of His Dispensation? That the Light exceeding bright follows on the Forerunner lamp, and the Word the Voice, and the Bridegroom the bringer of the bride, who prepared for the Lord a peculiar people, and forecleansed them unto the Spirit by the water? Dost thou make these accusations against God? Dost thou for these suppose Him the worse? That He girds Himself with a towel, and washes the feet of the disciples, and shows humility the best way to exaltation? That for the sake of the soul bowed down to earth, He humbles Himself, that He may raise up with Him that which sin was inclining downwards? And how canst thou fail to make that accusation also, that He eats both with publicans and in publicans' houses, and makes disciples of publicans, that He Himself also may make some gain? What this?—the salvation of the sinners.—Unless indeed somebody would blame the physician, that he bends down over the sufferings, and endures the foul smells, in order to give health to the sick; and the man who leans over into a pit out of kindness, to rescue the beast fallen therein, according to the Law.

He was sent, but as Man. For He was twofold: since He knew both weariness and hunger and thirst and agony and tears, by law of the body. But if He was sent as God also, what is this? Think the good pleasure of the Father to be a sending—the Father to whom He refers the things of Himself, both as honouring the Timeless Source, and not to seem to be an anti-god. Since He is both said to have been given up, but also it is written that He gave Himself up: and that He was raised by the Father, and taken up, but also that He raised Himself, and went up again. The first things refer to the Father's good pleasure, the second to His own power. But thou speakest of the things which make Him less, and passest by those that exalt Him; and takest into account that He suffered, but dost not add

that He suffered willingly. And look what even now the Word suffers! By some He is honoured as God and merged. By others He is dishonoured as flesh, and separated. With whom will He be the more angry? Rather, whom will He forgive more? Those who unite ill, or those who sunder? For both the former ought to divide, and the latter to join together; to divide in number, and to join in Godhead. Dost thou stumble at the flesh? So do the Jews. Wilt thou even name him Samaritan (and what follows, I will not utter)? Dost thou disbelieve in His Godhead? This do not even the demons. O thou more unbelieving than the demons and more ignorant than the Jews! For the Jews thought the title of 'Son' to be a word implying equal honour. And the demons knew Him to be God who was driving them out. But thou neither acceptest the equality nor confessest the Godhead. Better were it for thee to be circumcised and possessed—if I may say something so ridiculous—than in uncircumcision and health to be so evilly and godlessly disposed.

A little later thou wilt also see Jesus in Jordan cleansed with my cleansing (rather, purifying the waters by the cleansing: for indeed Himself needed no cleansing, He who *taketh away the sin of the world*), and the heavens cleft, and His cognate Spirit testifying to Him. And thou wilt see Him tempted, and conquering, and ministered to by angels; and healing every disease and every sickness, and quickening the dead—as would He had quickened thee, who art become dead in thy cacodoxy—and driving out demons, sometimes by Himself, and sometimes by His disciples; and feeding thousands on a few loaves, and walking on the sea, and being betrayed and crucified, and crucifying my sin therewith; as Lamb being offered, and as Priest offering; as Man being buried, and as God being raised up; and then ascending, and to come again with His own Glory. How many fairs I have to keep, going severally through the mysteries of Christ: all which are summed up under one heading, even my perfecting and restoration, and my return back to the first Adam.

But now accept the Gestation, and leap before it, if not as John from the womb, yet as David at the bringing to rest of the Ark. And reverence the Enrolment, for the which thou art written in Heaven; and venerate the Birth, for the which thou art loosed from the bonds of thy birth; and honour little Bethlehem, which brought thee back to Paradise; and worship the Manger, for the which, being irrational, thou wast fed by the Word. Isaiah bids thee *know* as *the ox his owner, and* as *the ass his master's crib*—whether thou be one of the clean, who are under the Law, and chew the cud of the Word, and are fit for sacrifice, or of those who are yet unclean, and cannot be eaten nor sacrificed, and are of the Gentile portion. Course with the Star, and bring gifts with the Wise-men, gold and frankincense and myrrh, as to a king, and as to God, and as to Him who becomes a corpse for thee. With the Shepherds sing "Glory," make hymns with the angels, join choir with the Archangels. Let this be a common fair of heavenly and earthly powers. For I am persuaded that they too exult with us and keep the fair to-day, if indeed they are lovers of man and lovers of God; even as the powers which David introduces after the Passion ascending with Christ, and coming to meet Him, and bidding

each other *Lift up your gates.* One thing hate of the things about Christmas, even Herod's child-slaying. Nay rather, reverence even this, the sacrifice of one age with Christ, sacrificed before the new Victim. If He flees into Egypt, take refuge there readily with Him: it is good to flee together with Christ when He is persecuted. If He delays in Egypt, *call* Him *out of Egypt*—for there He is worshipped aright. Journey blamelessly through all the ages and powers of Christ, as Christ's disciple. Be purified, be circumcised—take off the covering that is from birth. After this teach in the Temple, drive out the God-hucksters: be stoned, if there be need to suffer this—thou wilt escape the stone-throwers, I know well, passing even through the midst of them as God; for the Word is not stoned. If thou art brought before Herod, for the most part answer not a word: he will reverence even thy silence more than the long speeches of others. If thou be scourged, seek also the things that are lacking: taste gall, because of the tasting; be given vinegar to drink; seek spittings; accept buffets and slaps; be crowned with thorns, the roughness of the life according to God: be clad in the scarlet; receive a reed; be worshipped by those who mock the truth: at last, with Him be crucified, and dead, and buried readily, that thou mayest also rise with Him, and be glorified with Him, and reign with Him, seeing God, just so far as He can be seen—God who in Trinity is worshipped and glorified. And let us pray that now also He may be made plain unto us, so far as that is attainable to the prisoners of the flesh, in Christ Jesus our Lord, to whom be the glory unto the ages. Amen.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of *The Christian East*

SIR,

In your April and June issues (Nos. 5 and 6) a passage in one of my lectures on the Orthodox Church is duplicated by an oversight. Owing to my sudden departure from Great Britain for Jerusalem, between the time of my writing the lectures and the time when I should have delivered them, I had to ask Fr. Derwas Chitty both to deliver the lectures and to see them through the press with the minimum of revision. He did his work well and improved the lectures in a few places. But he is not responsible either for their errors in the presentation of the Orthodox position or for my rashness in attempting to present it in this way. I think it necessary to say that, as far as I can remember at this distance of time, with nothing but drafts of the lectures to guide me, the passage on p. 160 which is repeated on pp. 177 and 178 was meant to belong to the end of lecture III. The conclusion of lecture III, as it is printed, consisting of a Greek quotation and a reference, was meant to be a foot-note appended to the paragraph ending, "on this point," on pp. 169–170. The general title "The Orthodox Church" was meant to apply to all three lectures and they were intended to be read together. Through an oversight, my name was left out of the third, although the references in it to the other two lectures make it clear that they are the work of one person.

EDWARD EVERY.

L'IMAGE DE L'HOMME DANS L'EGLISE ORIENTALE

SOUS ce titre, on vient de publier à Stuttgart (Evangelisches Verlagswerk) une brochure du Père Basile Zenkovsky, Recteur de l'Institut de Théologie Orthodoxe Russe à Paris, brochure dont la traduction allemande a été faite d'après le manuscrit russe.

On a déjà vu des publications protestantes sur ce sujet (par exemple E. Brunner). Maintenant, le Père B. Zenkovsky fait parler le monde orthodoxe sur l'anthropologie ui, dans la patrologie, état toujours restée un peu cachée à l'arrière-plan et n'était traitée qu'entre parenthèses. Car les Pères de l'Eglise étaient surtout occupés par la formulation des grands dogmes trinitaire et christologique; ils ont cependant posé, dans ces dogmes, les bases de l'anthropologie: par ex., les notions d'hypostase et de nature servent aussi à l'explication de faits anthropologiques, c'est-à-dire à l'explication de ce qui, dans l'homme, est déchu par le péché originel, de ce qui est à l'Image de Dieu dans l'homme, de ce qui fait sa personnalité et du rapport entre cette personnalité et l'Eglise.

Le développement précis d'une anthropologie chrétienne est d'autant plus nécessaire de nos jours, que le centre de la pensée humaine actuelle est l'Homme. Et la Théologie doit donner sa réponse. Dans son petit livre, le Père B. Zenkovsky met au point les principes généraux de l'anthropologie orthodoxe, sans cependant vouloir donner un exposé définitif dans les détails ou dans l'application. Ce qu'il y a de plus remarquable dans cet ouvrage, c'est le développement de la notion de personnalité comme étant l'image de la Personnalité absolue de Dieu, ainsi que le rapport de cette personnalité humaine avec la nature de l'homme et avec l'humanité (l'Eglise surtout). Il est particulièrement intéressant d'apprendre combien sont proches des anciennes terminologies patristiques—(qui se reflètent dans l'anthropologie orthodoxe moderne)—les plus récentes découvertes que la philosophie, la psychologie ou la sociologie modernes aient pu faire après de minutieuses recherches; dans la religion orthodoxe tout cela existait depuis longtemps, et le Père B. Zenkovsky nous fait constater de façon frappante combien cette "vieille Orthodoxie stérile" est en réalité moderne et d'un brûlant intérêt actuel. Les trésors spirituels que possède l'Eglise, il ne faut que les trouver et vivifier, et l'on voit alors qu'ils pénètrent à des profondeurs infinies, à des profondeurs bien plus grandes que les découvertes scientifiques d'un siècle. Et peut-être, est-ce avant tout l'Orthodoxie qui contient en elle les réponses aux problèmes de notre époque, car elle a su garder ces trésors spirituels le plus fidèlement.

D. H. TEUFEL.

Errata in the three lectures by E. Every on "The Orthodox Church" in Nos. 5 and 6 of the New Series of *The Christian East*.

No. 5, p. 156—omit the word 'the' before 'respect' in line 10.

No. 5, p. 160—omit everything after the word 'fundamentalism' in line 7.

No. 6, p. 166—insert inverted commas before and after the words "establish any doctrine" in line 29.

No. 6, p. 170—correct the punctuation of line 33, which should read, "The Greeks, who were under Turkish rule within living memory, are inclined to think. . . ."

No. 6, p. 175—line 7 from the bottom, read "Succession is preserved in that the bishops are consecrated by bishops. . . ."

No. 6, p. 176—line 30, read "are present" for "at present."

No. 6, p. 178—treat lines 5–12 as a footnote intended to refer to the paragraph printed on page 170 ending with the words "on this point."

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